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For a New-Old Christmas

With Obeisances to P. E. G. Quercus

(See S.R.L. Dec. 14th, "Trade Winds")

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The Story of a Novel: II

BY THOMAS WOLFE

". . . It was part of my life; for many years it was my life; and the only way I could get it out of me was to live it out of me . . ."

I WAS in Paris for a couple of months, until the middle of July, and although I now compelled myself to work for four or five hours a day, my effort at composition was still confused and broken, and there was nothing yet that had the structural form and unity of a book. The life of the great city fascinated me as it had always done, but also aroused all the old feelings of naked homelessness, rootlessness, and loneliness which I have always felt there. During that summer in Paris, I think I felt this great homesickness more than ever before, and I really believe that from this emotion, this constant and almost intolerable effort of memory and desire, the material and the structure of the books I now began to write were derived.

"The year I spent abroad, when the material of these books first began to take on an articulate form . . ."

The quality of my memory is characterized, I believe, in a more than ordinary degree by the intensity of its sense impressions, its power to evoke and bring back the odors, sounds, colors, shapes, and feel of things with concrete vividness. Now my memory was at work night and day, in a way that I could at first neither check nor control and that swarmed unbidden in a stream of blazing pageantry across my mind, with the million forms and substances of the life that I had left, which was my own, America. I would be sitting, for example, on the terrace of a café watching the flash and play of life before me on the Avenue de l'Opéra and suddenly I would remember the iron railing that goes along the board walk at Atlantic City. I could see it instantly just the way it was, the heavy iron pipe; its raw, galvanized look; the way the joints were fitted together. It was all so vivid and concrete that I could feel my hand upon it and know the exact dimensions, its size and weight and shape. And suddenly I would realize that I had never seen any railing that looked like this in Europe. And this utterly familiar, common thing would suddenly be revealed to me with all the wonder with which we discover a thing which we have seen all our life and yet have never known before. Or again, it would be a bridge, the look of an old iron bridge across an American river, the sound the train makes as it goes across it; the spoke-and-hollow rumble of the ties below; the look of the muddy banks; the slow, thick, yellow wash of an American river; an old flat-bottomed boat half filled with water stogged in the muddy bank. Or again, it would be an American street with all its jumble of a thousand ugly architectures. It would be Montague Street or Fulton Street in Brooklyn, or Eleventh Street in New York, or other streets where I had lived; and suddenly I would see the gaunt and savage webbing of the elevated structure along Fulton Street, and how the light swarmed through in dusty, broken bars, and I could remember the old, familiar rusty color, that incomparable rusty color that gets into so many things here in America. And this also would be like something I had seen a million times and lived with all my life.

I would sit there, looking out upon the Avenue de l'Opéra and my life would ache with the whole memory of it; the desire to see it again; somehow to find a word for it; a language that would tell its shape, its color, the way we have all known and felt and seen it. And when I understood this thing, I saw that I must find for myself the tongue to utter what I knew but could not say. And from the moment of that discovery, the line and purpose of my life was shaped. The end toward which every energy of my life and talent would be henceforth directed was in such a way as this defined. It was as if I had discovered a whole new universe of chemical elements and had begun to see certain relations between some of them but had by no means begun to organize the whole series into a harmonious and coherent union. From this time on, I think my efforts might be described as the effort to complete that organization, to discover that articulation for which I strove, to bring about that final coherent union. I know that I have failed thus far in doing so, but I believe I understand pretty thoroughly just where the nature of my failure lies, and of course my deepest and most

Next Week

THE SOUND WAGON
By T. S. STRIBLING
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

THE STORY OF A NOVEL: III
The final article in a series of three
By THOMAS WOLFE

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earnest hope is that the time will come when I will not fail.

At any rate, from this time on the general progress of the three books which I was to write in the next four and a half years could be fairly described in somewhat this way. It was a progress that began in a whirling vortex and a creative chaos and that proceeded slowly at the expense of infinite confusion, toil, and error toward clarification and the articulation of an ordered and formal structure. An extraordinary image remains to me from that year, the year I spent abroad when the material of these books first began to take on an articulate form. It seemed that I had inside me, swelling and gathering all the time, a huge black cloud, and that this cloud was loaded with electricity, pregnant, crested, with a kind of hurricane violence that could not be held in check much longer; that the moment was approaching fast when it must break. Well, all I can say is that the storm did break. It broke that summer while I was in Switzerland. It came in torrents, and it is not over yet.

THE AUTHOR IN 1932
On a visit to a Vermont marble quarry.

I cannot really say the book was written. It was something that took hold of me and possessed me, and before I was done with it—that is, before I finally emerged with the first completed part—it seemed to me that it had done for me. It was exactly as if this great black storm cloud I have spoken of had opened up and, mid flashes of lightning, was pouring from its depth a torrential and ungovernable flood. Upon that flood everything was swept and borne along as by a great river. And I was borne along with it.

There was nothing at first which could be called a novel. I wrote about night and darkness in America, and the faces of the sleepers in ten thousand little towns; and of the tides of sleep and how the rivers flowed forever in the darkness. I wrote about the hissing glut of tides upon ten thousand miles of coast; of how the moonlight blazed down on the wilderness and filled the cat's cold eye with blazing yellow. I wrote about death and sleep, and of that enfabled rock of life we call the city. I wrote about October, of great trains that thundered through the night, of ships and stations in the morning; of men in harbors and the traffic of the ships.

I spent the winter of that year in England from October until March, and here perhaps because of the homely familiarity of the English life, the sense of order and repose which such a life can give one, my work moved forward still another step from this flood tide chaos of creation. For the first time the work began to take on the lineaments of design. These lineaments were still confused and broken, sometimes utterly lost, but now I really did get the sense at last that I was working on a great block of marble, shaping a figure which no one but its maker could as yet define, but which was emerging more and more into the sinewy lines of composition.

From the beginning—and this was one fact that in all my times of hopelessness returned to fortify my faith in my conviction—the idea, the central legend that I wished my book to express had not changed. And this central idea was this: the deepest search in life, it seemed to me, the thing that in one way or another was central to all living was man's search to find a father, not merely the father of his flesh, not merely the lost father of his youth, but the image of a strength and wisdom external to his need and superior to his hunger, to which the belief and power of his own life could be united.

Yet I was terribly far away from the actual accomplishment of a book—how far away I could not at that time foresee. But four more years would have to pass before the first of the series of books on which I was now embarked would be ready for the press, and if I could have known that in those next four years there would be packed a hundred lives of birth and death, despair, defeat, and triumph and the sheer exhaustion of a brute fatigue, I do not know whether or not I could have found the power within myself to continue. But I was still sustained by the exuberant optimism of youth. My temperament, which is pessimistic about many things, has always been a curiously sanguine one concerning time, and although more than a year had now gone by and I had done no more than write great chants on death and sleep, prepare countless notes and trace here and there the first dim outlines of a formal pattern, I was confident that by the spring or the fall of the next year my book would somehow miraculously be ready.

So far as I can describe with any accuracy, the progress of that winter's work in England was not along the lines of planned design, but along this line that I have mentioned—writing some of the sections which I knew would have to be in the book. Meanwhile what was really going on in my whole creative consciousness, during all this time, although I did not realize it at the moment, was this: What I was really doing, what I had been doing all the time since my discovery of my America in Paris the summer before, was to explore day by day and month by month with a fanatic intensity, the whole material domain of my resources as a man and as a writer. This exploration went on for a period which I can estimate conservatively as two years and a half. It is still going on, although not with the same all-absorbing and fanatical intensity, because the work it led to, the work that after infinite waste and labor it helped me wonderfully to define, that work has reached such a state of final definition that the immediate task of finishing it is the one that now occupies my energy and interest.

In a way, during that period of my life, I think I was like the Ancient Mariner who told the Wedding Guest that his frame was wrenched by the woeful agony which forced him to begin his tale before it left him free. In my own experience, my wedding guests were the great ledgers in which I wrote, and the tale which I told to them would have seemed, I am afraid, completely incoherent, as meaningless as Chinese characters, had any reader seen them. I could by no means hope to give a comprehensive idea of its whole extent because three years of work and perhaps a million and a half words went into these books. It included everything from gigantic and staggering lists of the towns, cities, counties, states, and countries I had been in, to minutely thorough, desperately evocative descriptions of the undercarriage, the springs, wheels, flanges, axle rods, color, weight, and quality of the day coach of an American railway train. There were lists of the rooms and houses in which I had lived or in which I had slept for at least a night, together with the most accurate and evocative descriptions of those rooms that I could write—their size, their shape, the color and design of the wallpaper, the way a towel hung down, the way a chair creaked, a streak of water rust upon the ceiling. There were countless charts, catalogues, descriptions that I can only classify here under the general heading of Amount and Number. What were the total combined populations of all the countries in Europe and America? In how many of those countries had I had some personal and vital experience? In the course of my twenty-nine or thirty years of living, how many people had I seen? How many had I passed by on the streets? How many had I seen on trains and subways, in theatres, at baseball or football games? With how many had I actually had some vital and illuminating experience, whether of joy, pain, anger,

(*Continued on page* 15)

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Neutrality, Then and Now

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY. 1914-1917. *By Charles Seymour. New Haven: Yale University Press.* 1935. $2.

Reviewed by RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

THE thesis of this little volume, which represents a summary of previous writings by the author on the same subject, is that the United States did not enter the war to save the skins of the American banker or munition-maker, but because of the German submarine. "Whatever the emotional sympathy for the Allied cause in the United States and however close Allied and American commercial interests, the prevailing sentiment of the people was indelibly for peace until the submarine sank American ships. . . . No effective attempt has been made to show that either munition makers or bankers exercised any influence upon Congress, which voted the war resolution, or upon the President, who asked for it." Professor Seymour insists that the imposition of an embargo on munitions would not have reduced the danger of the submarine, as Germany was determined to starve Britain into subjection by cutting off its food supply. "Except for the submarine, our quarrel would have been with the Allies. . . . There lay the positive cause of American intervention. It is historically isolated, as one isolates a microbe." The author admits that the American people could have kept out of war had the American people been willing to surrender its foreign interests. But "however pacific the temper of the American people in 1917, it was not prepared to accept such consequences." The imposition of an embargo then "would have blighted the prosperity not merely of munitions makers and bankers but of all our industries, small and large, thrown back our laboring classes into unemployment and ruined the farmers."

Despite the repeated laboring of this thesis, Professor Seymour is not convincing in his effort to disprove the contention of our Senators that the American people entered the war on account of the munition makers and war-profiteers. The Senators have over-simplified the thesis, for there is no evidence that the bankers or the munition manufacturers tried to bribe Congressmen into voting for the declaration of war. But the whole attitude of influential American interests, especially the Eastern press, was unconsciously colored by the fact that America had built up a large material stake in the success of the Allied cause. Professor Seymour insists that the United States entered the war because of the German submarine. This does not explain why President Wilson refused to accept a German compromise on the submarine question, under which American trade would have been convoyed, when the President acquiesced in similar arrangements made by the Allies. Any objective person who today rereads the diplomatic correspondence of the period between 1914 and 1917 cannot avoid the conclusion that the President weighed the Allies and Germany with two sets of measures. No doubt his humanitarian sense was aroused by the destruction of life by the submarine; but if this humanitarian sense had not been distorted, he would have been equally aroused by the starving of the German civilian population by the Allied blockade.

Admitting that the United States went to war with Germany over the submarine question, it follows that this question would not have arisen had the United States applied in 1914 a policy of embargoing the export of arms and essential raw materials. Professor Seymour refers to the loan embargo imposed by Secretary Bryan in 1914, but states that it could not be maintained because of "the demands of the national interests." What were these demands, except the desire of the administration for a boom and of business men for excess profits? Had Bryan been able to rest his action on a declaration of Congressional policy, he undoubtedly would have been victorious, and the German submarine menace in all probability would not have come into existence.

Professor Seymour makes use of his historical knowledge to conclude that our present neutrality policy is unwise. In his opinion "there is no practicable method of assurance against implication in another European war once it is started." This is a counsel of despair which does no service to the American people. The reviewer believes in international coöperative action to prevent war as much as does the author of this volume; but it does not follow that if international cooperation fails, the United States should allow itself to drift into the next conflagration as it did in the last. The present neutrality legislation, as applied by the United States, is a beginning in this direction; and it has incidentally proved most useful to the League. Despite Professor Seymour's contention, the facts presented in this book show that if the American people are willing to sacrifice war profits, and if they wish to act at the beginning of hostilities, they can reduce the risks of becoming involved.

Raymond Leslie Buell is Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association.

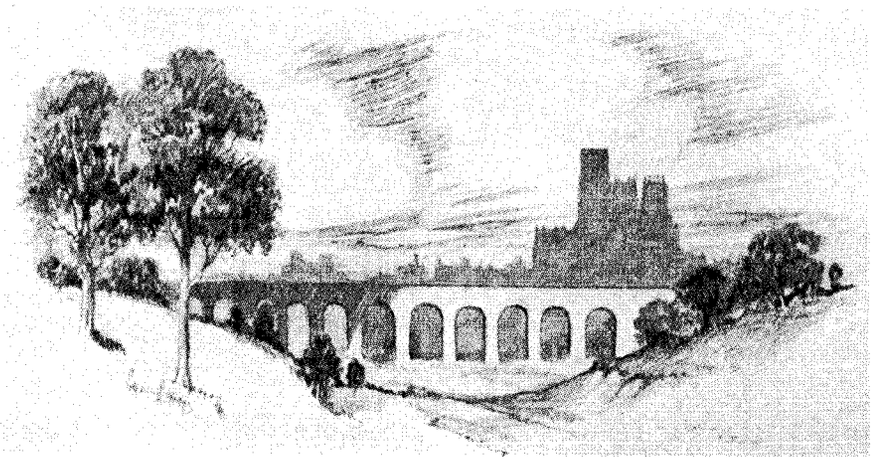
In a Hopeful Voice

ENGLAND SPEAKS. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $3.

THIS is a warm and hopeful book. From his recollections of dinner parties, tea parties, receptions, from hundreds of casual interviews with all sorts of people, its author concludes that "in mean houses or in mansions, in slum streets or broad highways, the old traditional character of the English as Shakespeare saw it, and as Chaucer first recorded it, remains . . . strangely unaltered."

"The old traditional character" does remain, of course; so too do "a real tradition of liberty and an instinct for law." But one has to remark upon a peculiar division in this book. Of its 341 pages, no less than 286 are devoted to London, the South, and the Midlands: to the tragic North, with its idle shipyards and its empty mines, fifty-five pages in all are dedicated. "I should be lying," says Sir Philip, "if I reported that all was well with the Industrial North. There are many things which are wrong with it." At this point one remembers the scenes which Mr. Priestley described, with sombre and detailed passion, in his "English Journey."

"England Speaks," but the North is curiously non-committal. Violence, rage, despair—if they have any voices in England—do not utter them in these pages. And the questions which—somehow or other—Sir Philip did not ask, and the answers which Sir Philip did not receive, rather intrude upon one's enjoyment of this sincere and sanguine book.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL. *Illustration by Edgar Lander, from "England Speaks."*

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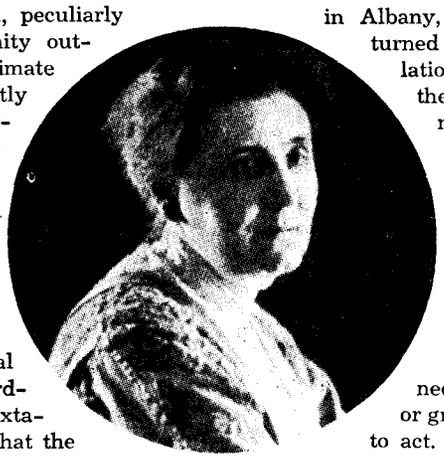
The Spirit of Jane Addams

JANE ADDAMS: A Biography. By James Weber Linn. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1935. $3.50.

EDMUND NILES HUYCK: The Story of a Liberal. By Francis Brown. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

PROBABLY nobody but myself would think of these two life-stories as bearing any relation to each other; the one a big story of a woman whose fame and the influence of whose personality and activities reached into almost every corner of the world; the other a quiet tale of a relatively obscure man, working and noted within a small circumference. By odd coincidence they fall together to me for comment—biographies of two people whom, peculiarly among all of humanity outside my most intimate circle, I have greatly loved and most admired. For something like forty years my soul has been upon its knees to the one; the other I have been proud almost as long to count as my closest personal friend. That would hardly warrant this juxtaposition were it not that the one, without ever knowing it, contributed albeit indirectly, I think, chief impetus to the other. I do not recall that Jane Addams ever saw or heard of Ted Huyck, or that he ever saw her; but I do know that the ideas and philosophy of social life and interplay of which she was the embodiment profoundly affected him at a crucial point in his life. I was myself witness, and (as his biographer intimates) may have been in some degree an agency, of that impact.



JANE ADDAMS AT 50

Responsible executive of a local industry in Albany, he was at a crisis in his conception of his rights and duties as employer, and just then hot with the repercussions of a strike despite an uncommonly benevolent ownership, when I returned to that my native city, after several years' residence in Chicago Commons, a social settlement closely intimate with Jane Addams's Hull House. It is no derogation of Professor Graham Taylor to magnify her influence in his establishment of Chicago Commons and in its atmosphere during its forty years from then till now; or her contribution to my own life. Anyway it was my privilege to pass on something of that acquisition to Edmund Huyck. It fell upon ready soil. I dare say that without it he might well have developed on his own along these lines—he was temperamentally a liberal and a democrat, awakened to the practical problems of industry and human relationships by his increasing contact with them and his own passion for "square shooting." I do not know, I cannot guess, how much of the Ted Huyck that I know any other reader of Dr. Brown's biography will find in it; I read my own intimate acquaintance with him into every line of it. But if it were nothing else, this story would be a valuable contribution to the history of industrial relationships in America. Inspiring a revolution in the Albany Medical College Huyck enlivened it with special reference to the medical needs of rural districts such as that from which he sprang. Refusing public office he became nevertheless easily first-citizen in Albany, "to whom everyone turned for advice and stimulation." Outwardly, he saw the world whole. It was no surprise or dismay to him to see the outmoding of "normalcy"; he was big enough to look without fear upon the new paths ahead, wherever they might lead.

Great souls do not need either great bodies, or great stages upon which to act. Jane Addams sought, not to bring about the establishment of social settlements in "slums," but to infuse all human life everywhere, in its least and greatest interrelations, with the spirit that she incarnated. In Edmund Huyck she would have recognized valid flower and fruit of all her life and teaching.

Of that life and teaching Professor Linn has given a record and interpretation little short of magnificent. If it lacks somewhat—I am not sure it does—of the literary brilliancy of Nicolson's life of Morrow, it surpasses it in sureness of touch. No wonder: James Weber Linn is Jane Addams's nephew, son of her older sister, and in his childhood her ward. He knew her intimately, understood her spirit. What is more, she put all her papers at his disposal and to the last of her life was collaborating with him in the preparation of this book; checked and annotated some of the chapters and approved its plan and scope. Rarely has a biographer so complete equipment and advantage. He proves himself worthy and competent, and the result is a biography of the first order.

From her birth, and the antecedents and background of it, we see the stages of her growth—"a 'different' child"—and the threads woven into the tapestry of her extraordinary personality. Linn unravels the strands of her character, compunctions, aspirations. We see her growing sense of the futility of "culture" for its own sake. All very well to be "educated," but—*what for?* And so—Hull House, after the pattern of Toynbee Hall in London, the sight of which offered her the solution of her own dilemma and the vision and form of her life-work. I think no one who has not lived in a social settlement can realize how perfectly Dr. Linn has managed to give the atmosphere and color of it; the *feel* of its entity, life, and relationships.

The book throughout is gemmed with portraits, some thumb-nail in a sentence, others outstanding in special settings, a few full-length with deliberation; none dragged in, none out of proportion in its place and relation to the great one who herself is nowhere overdrawn. Especially fine is that group of amazing women surrounding Jane Addams in Hull House—Ellen Starr, Julia C. Lathrop, Florence Kelley, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Mrs. Bowen, Mary Rozet Smith, Alzina Stevens. Interwoven all along are glimpses, not only of the personages and persons, famous and obscure, from all over the world, of all cults and isms, drawn to that extraordinary focus of social responsibility, protest, interpretation, and service by its increasing fame; but, and especially, of those young and old of the widening neighborhood, drawn thither by their need and by the presence of surely understanding friends, among whom, even as her colleagues mostly called her, Jane Addams was "Chief."

Jane Addams was *a democrat,* with an insatiable zest for fair play and decency and fellowship. Even these and her vision of men and things, were salted with an unfailing humor and canny self-appraisal. Once she said to me: "Yes, we are indeed commanded to *love* our neighbor, but it is not required that invariably we must *like* him!" This trenchant humor of hers, and of his, sparkles throughout Dr. Linn's book. It is no gushing panegyric; he seldom characterizes, praises, or blames; events and actions as he describes them evaluate themselves. His book, a fairly long one, perhaps over-elaborately documented, is entertaining from cover to cover. Forth from it steps, upstanding, outspeaking, gentle, self-deprecating but forthright, unswervingly truthful, luminous, one of the great women of all time, whose influence spreads and will spread across the earth and into the far and smaller places where men of good will try to incarnate in their corners of life the spirit of which she was the unfaltering embodiment.

John Palmer Gavit, former newspaper man and present contributing editor to The Survey-Graphic, *was a social worker in Chicago in the years when Hull House was growing into fame.*

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The Era of Sail

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SAILING SHIPS. By Howard I. Chapelle. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1935. $7.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER LAING

FOR some years, yachting periodicals have been deploring as Quixotic the maintenance of sizable sailing craft that lack auxiliary power. With general acceptance of such an attitude, the independent era of sail can be said to have ended, and it becomes proper to attempt its definitive history. Mr. Chapelle approaches the task with two indispensable qualifications: he is a practising marine architect, able to trim insight with experience—and he has a draftsman's respect for concrete, indubitable records. Old seamen's tales have been entirely ignored. If he destroys some of our more cherished myths, that is a historian's first business. If he rebukes our national carelessness by going to British Admiralty files for reliable data on early American ships, it is high time. He does both.

"The History of American Sailing Ships" is a sober book, devoid of that cocky pride in Yankee exploits which mars earlier, less comprehensive, works on the subject. Mr. Chapelle admits at the outset that "the untiring search for speed" is the most important factor in the evolution of American types, but he tends somewhat to deplore it, urging elsewhere that "speed, at the expense of other qualities, does not indicate an improvement in design." Only eight or ten of his four hundred pages are granted to the ship-rigged clipper.

In this connection, however, Mr. Chapelle adequately acknowledges Carl C. Cutler's "Greyhounds of the Sea," obviously aware that the earlier work would supplement his own so handily that duplication would be pointless. The two books are of a size, and belong side by side on the bookshelf of any student of American sail; but there is the fortunate difference that Mr. Cutler considers all vessels chronologically, tracing concurrent tendencies in design from the Revolution to the Civil War, whereas Mr. Chapelle—after a survey of colonial shipping as a whole—treats a selection of main types separately. These are: Naval Craft; Privateers and Slavers; Revenue Cutters; the American Schooner; Merchant Craft; and Sailing Yachts.

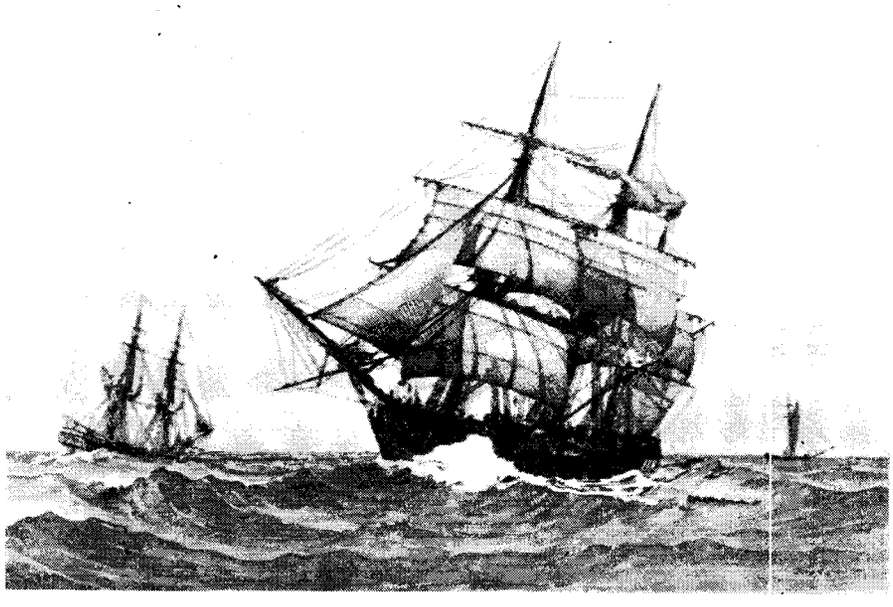
Some such arbitrary division (the types of course overlap) is made needful by the author's functional approach. First among his acknowledgments stands "Forests and Sea Power," by R. G. Albion, and the example of that very important volume is reflected in Mr. Chapelle's continual insistence upon judging the merits of any craft on the triple basis of speed, seaworthiness, and the demands of its particular trade. There is, for example, a brilliant defense of the frigate. Quickly maneuverable, heavily gunned and bulwarked, over-manned and canvased, yet speedier than the merchantmen of its own day—especially in working to weather: the author obviously considers that the vessel developed to fulfil all these difficult functions in a fine balance was more of a triumph than the clipper in its heyday, which sacrificed so much to mere speed.

Perhaps the chief contributions of this book are its documented destruction of the claim of French influence upon American frigate design and its detailed treatment of the revenue cutters, hitherto neglected by historians. It also does justice to earlier types that have been largely overlooked, to the radeaux, galleys, and gunboats of the later eighteenth century.

Any work attempting so large a subject in four hundred pages must have its shortcomings. Definitely it is a book about structures rather than performances. The style is uninspired and sometimes ungrammatical. Uncomfortable evidence is here and there omitted, as in the discussion of the "square root of the waterline" rule, which is highly useful but was so badly upset by the Herreshoff catamaran *Amaryllis* in the Centennial Regatta of the New York Yacht Club that the type (recently revived) was ruled out of competition thereafter. The *Amaryllis* ought to have been mentioned, if only as the exception that proves the rule.

Mr. Chapelle expects of his reader a detailed knowledge of sails and spars, if not of rigging; and he makes a painstaking effort to explain by analogy the draftsman's conventions in delineating a hull. In this, however, his own drawing board has been more successful than his typewriter. The many plans and sketches by the author and his illustrators, George C. Wales and Henry Rusk, are superb.

Alexander Laing is the author of "Sea Witch," a clipper-ship narrative.



THE *HANCOCK*, "FASTEST FRIGATE OF HER TIME"
Painting by George C. Wales, from "The History of American Sailing Ships."

Flight Into Egypt

Mary's Lullaby

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

OH, hush thee, here in the hollow
Under the thorn,
Now fugitives fall asleep
With the coming of morn:
The stars that have guided our steps
Have faded to rest—
Oh, hush thee, my poor hunted baby,
Here on my breast.

Sleep fast now, my dearest, the little wind
Rising with dawn,
Is singing it saw a wild doe
Who lay couched with her fawn,
Is singing it saw a lost sheep
With her little lamb lying,
Is singing it saw an Egyptian
Whose baby is crying.

Oh, hush thee, my darling, so deep
In the winter-brown grass!
Far off from the sight of the road
Feeds the little gray ass,
When the world is in shadow once more
And the stars are alight
He shall carry us southward again
On the road of our flight.

So, Sleep now, my baby, the birds
Are beginning to sing,
They say that they saw a poor maiden
Whose son was a king,
They say that dark hate is a serpent,
Men cruel and blind,
But fear not, they say, for earth's cradle
Is hidden and kind.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Journalists as Reviewers

MR. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN has raised some interesting questions about the preparation of an official book reviewer. He says with justice that it is no longer enough for a journalist reviewer to be a critic of belles lettres.

It never was. Whoever will take time to go through the English quarterlies of the early nineteenth century—those so-called classics of book reviewing—will find that belles lettres takes up little if any more space then than now. The chief difference is that the professional reviewers of that day, who as a rule were men trained in the classics and philosophy but little else, plunged without hesitation into criticism of anything that was put into print—history, travel, social science (as it was understood then), poetry, politics, philosophy, or fiction. Their advantage was not knowledge, in which they were often egregiously deficient, but space. A book on America would be reviewed by an anonymous gentleman who clearly was possessed of no more than a set of prejudices and the memory of other books on America which he had reviewed. Yet after he had unrolled five thousand words of comment one knew at least what the book was about,—what it said, if not what should rightly be said of it. No such procedure is possible today where the morning mail may bring in more books than were published in London of the forties in a month.

A properly equipped commentator on books in general as they appear, should be an encyclopedia in the active mood. He should be a good critic of literature, which means not only that he should know earlier literature well, at least in its masterpieces and in its historical relationships, but that he should have that fine perceptiveness in literary emotion and that delicate sense of form for which no scholarship however broad and deep is a substitute. He should have a solid grounding in the social sciences—this, considering the range and subject matter of books today, would seem to be indispensable. He should know history as a frame of reference, the broader, the more detailed the better. He should understand the method of thinking of natural science, even though his special information be small. He should unquestionably have had training in philosophy, although philosophy for him will not be an abstraction but a means of correlating the ideas he finds in fiction or poetry with the main currents of immediate experience as they are described or analyzed in history, sociology, or direct description of actual life. He must be at home in art and have at least a bowing acquaintance with esthetics, comparative religion, and law. As for that slough of confusion called psychology, there he must have wandered long enough to know dry land from wet, and the way out, for the critic who ends in psychology has only begun on his criticism. Psychology itself as a subject he must leave to the specialists.

We take all this to mean, very simply, that the critic of books today must be a good journalist. For journalism today has gone far beyond reporting. The job of the modern journalist is to report the news of the world. But if that news may be a murder or the advance of the Italians into Abyssinia, it may equally be relativity, or the regional novel, or the varieties of fascism, or Van Gogh. It is the specialist's business to know all that can be known about his chosen subject. It is the journalist's business to use knowledge, which in our complex civilization means that some journalists at least must have as rigorous a training as a doctor or a lawyer. It is a different kind of training, broader, more philosophical, less erudite, but it is probable that a good journalist needs as many years of hard study as the scholar or the scientist. Everything is grist that comes to his mill, provided that he grinds intelligently. He must know enough to know what he does not know—a level to which few so-called educated men attain.

And the good journalist who turns critic will have studied one thing more, and will almost inevitably have learned it if his training has been right. It is arguable that all great critics from Aristotle down have been journalists in the sense used in this discussion. They have been men able to present and interpret the intellectual news of their times. The faculty of argument, and especially the faculty of exposition, has been theirs. They have been able to understand what has been thought, what has been imagined, and tell the public about it. Which is merely to say that they have been able to write. For good writing, as the journalist uses it, is the ability to summarize the news of the world intelligibly, a power difficult to attain, still harder to administer in words.

Let us have, therefore, clearer thinking on this topic of criticism. The erudite and the specialist have their indispensable contribution to make, but it is often only a contribution, and it is no more indispensable than the function of criticism itself which is to correlate, interpret, and communicate the thought and imagination which are current news in the world. And here a journalist adequately trained is the man for the job.

Radio Voices

The report of an investigator quoted recently in the daily papers, states that radio audiences seem to prefer women with vulgar and uncouth voices. Their success is owing, he thinks, to the fact that the radio audience is accustomed to such voices, hears them in vaudeville, speaks that way itself. We doubt this reasoning. If raucous, vulgar voices are successful on the radio, it is because anything human, natural, familiar is preferable to the empty elocution of too many announcers (usually male), especially when they are trying to sell us something we do not particularly want. No eighteenth century clergyman droning his sermon while the hounds wait could have been more perfunctory than these empty voices, correct, intelligible (as he probably was not), but drained of all humanity, like a man in a wilderness, rehearsing a speech.

This is not an argument for bad voices, or for hill-billy pronunciation, or for the nasal passages, which women, because their tones thin out on the radio, seem especially to favor when they speak. It is only a prayer to the broadcasters to talk like one man to another, whether they are repeating the news of the world, or selling canned tomatoes. Life is mechanical enough already without sterilized voices echoing in our ears. And it is a message of gratitude to those rare radio speakers who project informal and modest personalities, articulate but not elocutionary, over the waves.

Ten Years Ago

Among Christmas headliners of 1925, the following books were noted in *The Saturday Review* for December 19th of that year:

BROOMSTICKS AND OTHER TALES
By Walter de la Mare

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY
By John Erskine

THE TRAGEDY OF WASTE
By Stuart Chase

THE BIOLOGY OF POPULATION GROWTH
By Raymond Pearl

TIGER JOY
By Stephen Vincent Benét

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER
By Hermann Keyserling

MANHATTAN TRANSFER
By John Dos Passos

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS
By George A. Dorsey

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Letters to the Editor: *Walt Whitman and Democracy*

"Salut au Monde"

SIR:—I owe thanks to Professor Howard Mumford Jones for the publicity given in a late issue of the *Saturday Review* to my recent edition of selections from Whitman's prose. I am surprised, however, at the casual way in which he reads and makes juxtapositions. His citations from "Salut au Monde" bear out my generalizations (p. xxvii, which apparently he did not read) that Whitman was overflowing with a kind of vast patriarchal love that embraced continents, nature, all humanity, even future generations; that he had not only national sympathies and enthusiasms but developed cosmopolitan sympathies and enthusiasms too. When I so wrote I had the "Salut" in mind. The Professor's citations have no bearing, however, though he brings them up correctively, on my statement (cited by him) that, had Whitman lived into the twentieth century, he would have been disappointed in the great and distinctive race, to be irradiated by a hundred years of democracy, of which he dreamed. The new race was to be self-reliant, proud, yet linked by tolerance and comradeship, and its problems were to be solved by great poets. What would Whitman think of Americans on the dole, and of present-day attacks on the democracy ("the fervid and tremendous Idea") of which he had so roseate a vision? I repeat that Whitman would have been disappointed. I repeat, too, that I am surprised at the way in which Professor Jones reads and infers. I had quite another idea of him as a critic.

LOUISE POUND.

Lincoln, Neb.

Appreciation from Siskiyou County

SIR:—To print as you did, my letter, entire,—of asking for books, to open *that* gate to paradise-fruits. Sir,—that demands something more than a bare "Thank you" of appreciation. But until you visit us amongst our high lonesomes, let our hospitality speak for us, that poor word must stand.

I should be happy to answer each one of those who have been so kind to us. But so many have immediately and generously gifted us with books and magazines that by your permission I will here thank every one for his and her good gift, by which this winter, we, on wings of reading, shall soar out of our snow prison to the great world.

ELIZABETH YOUNG GEORGE.

Cecilville, Siskiyou County,
California.

Jane Austen and Reginald Farrer

SIR:—Apropos of the revival of interest in Jane Austen I am wondering if many of the intelligentsia are aware of the little old maid's great lover. He lived about one hundred years after her time, died in the wilderness of Upper Burma in 1920 and is there buried, a bachelor. I refer to that little known master of English prose, Reginald Farrer. Throughout his travel books and novels there are recurrent references to his beloved Jane. Off in the wilds of Western China and Tibet in search of new plants for rock gardens the only books he could squeeze into his compact luggage were the novels of his divine Jane. (See "On the Eaves of the World" and "The Rainbow Bridge.") Once in Ceylon, while he was engaged upon a research into the mysteries of Buddhism, he was supremely elated to find in a deserted hovel, left there by some unknown Englishman, a copy of Jane's "Northanger Abbey." In his own novel, "The Sundered Streams," he has Kingston Darnley re-visit the English village in which the Bennet girls flirted with His Majesty's guards. And Farrer wrote the scholarly and appreciative commemorative article in the British *Quarterly Review*, January, 1917. The fun he has in his novels at the expense of the shams of the British landed gentry is parallel to the subtle delineations of Jane Austen. Now, there was a man who really knew Jane Austen and loved her with all his heart and soul. The fact that he was a hundred years too late is a matter of no consequence.

F. L. STANTON.

Robbinsdale, Minn.

"HAVE YOU 'THE GENTLE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS'?"

Memorial to A.E.

SIR:—On my visit to Trinity College, Dublin, as Carnegie Visiting Professor for this year, I have become interested in the proposed Memorial to the late George W. Russell (A.E.). I know that Mr. Padraic Colum is in charge of the movement in America and will act as seems best to him, but I should like to add my personal endorsement to the proposed Memorial. Any one who visits Dublin and comes in close contact with A.E.'s friends and realizes the great work that he did for literature and for the economic welfare of his country, is impressed anew with his distinct service. I feel that America ought to have some part in this worthy enterprise, and I hope you will do all you can to call attention to it in the columns of *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

EDWIN MIMS.

Dublin.

Memoir of A.E.

SIR:—My firm has arranged to publish a Memoir of A.E. (the late G. W. Russell) by his friend Mr. John Eglinton, and I should be extremely grateful to your readers for the loan of any letters or documents by A.E. which might be of interest or assistance in this study of his life and work.

The utmost care would be taken of any such material addressed to this office, and the papers would be copied and returned with the least possible delay.

FREDERICK MACMILLAN.

Macmillan & Co.
St. Martin's St.
London. W. C. 2.

Charles Dudley Warner

SIR:—The undersigned is engaged upon a study of the life and work of Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900), and would appreciate hearing from correspondents who may have information regarding

1. Heirs, relatives, and friends of Charles Dudley Warner
2. Unpublished letters and other MSS. material
3. References to obscure, unindexed material in print
4. Personal reminiscences.

Proper credit will be given for assistance.

L. R. TRILLING.

17 Lexington Ave.
New York City.

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God and the Modernists

GOD IN THESE TIMES. By Henry P. Van Dusen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

IT must not be supposed from his elliptic title that Dr. Van Dusen of the Union Theological Seminary imputes mutability to the Eternal. Unlike some of his Modernist brethren, whose deity appears to be a distillate of human aspirations—a young god, inexperienced, and not yet very influential—he recognizes the God of Job and Spinoza and Einstein, whose glory is declared by the heavens and whose handiwork shown by the firmament; a God who was before the mountains were brought forth, even from everlasting to everlasting. But when he endeavors to vindicate the ways of God to man he gets into the same difficulties as all Modernists.

One criticizes these worthy men with some hesitancy; their intentions are of the best, the ethical system in which those intentions are embodied deserves high praise. In Dr. Van Dusen's remarks on the intellectual and moral obligations of Christians in these hard times, and the perhaps harder times that are to come, even those who do not profess the faith will find good morals and good sense. The Modernists refuse to insult their intelligence by professing to believe that Truth, sufficient and final, has already been revealed; they want to hold fast that which was good in the old faith and somehow weld it together with such subsequent bits of truth as are still being revealed at sundry times and in divers manners, in the high faith that the True, the Beautiful, and the Good are one. Maybe they are, but the endeavor to bring them all into a focus, in the present state of human knowledge, calls for prodigies of faith such as would have been too much even for the Middle Ages.

Consider, for example, Dr. Van Dusen's attempt at a Christian philosophy of history. "The ultimate outcome of history is within God's control," and God is steadily working away at the shaping of human destinies; though his providence is not necessarily to be found in everything that happens. The order in which human affairs are framed is essentially not a political, an economic, a mechanical, but a moral order; and the misfortunes of mankind are due to "wilful or careless blindness to the moral structure of reality"—or (a considerable exception) to "mistakes due to unavoidable ignorance." To be specific, these present hard times are the fruit of greed and selfishness and sharp practice, and of a refusal to acknowledge uncomfortable truths; our tribulations are inexorable retribution for the violation of God's laws.

Now that makes sense, provided you count bad judgment, short-sightedness, and honest mistakes as sins; which in any realistic view of life they undoubtedly are. But this makes it rather difficult to insist that God is also the loving father. The mistakes of society are avenged on individuals; very often, on individuals who had no faintest responsibility for the mistakes. Dr. Van Dusen disdains to make the distinction between God and Nature on which some of his Modernist brethren lean; his God, apparently, is Nature too; in Him we live and move and have our being. On the evidence at present available, this seems a highly probable conclusion; but it raises the question how far the divine notion of justice coincides with man's. Because industrialists and financiers thought we were living in a new economic era, millions of men who had no share in their decisions have suffered far more than the responsible industrialists and financiers. This is divine justice and there is no use arguing about it; but human ethics has qualms about punishing the wrong man.

The current depression is the strongest instance the author could select; the personal element, the individual sins as well as blunders, are not yet obscured by time. If you apply this doctrine of retribution to the past it is still more obvious that the sins which God punishes include many things which no human system of morals has counted as sins; and that punishment falls on the innocent far more often than on the guilty. Dr. Van Dusen has surely heard of those eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell; perhaps the contractor who built the tower did a bad job, and its fall was the inevitable punishment for his sin; but the contractor, so far as we know, was not underneath at the time of the collapse. "That Frederick the Great might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought each other on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other beside the Great Lakes of North America." Frederick's rapacity brought down punishment on the black men of Coromandel and the red men of America, not to speak of some thousands of Prussian soldiers who had to go where they were sent; but neither Frederick nor his state suffered for it.

All this is so obvious that it would be unnecessary to mention it if people did not keep on writing books which ignore it. Dr. Van Dusen apparently has qualms about any further experiments in social analysis, for he puts it all into bold summary: "The Church *always* finds itself in a condemned social order, a dying civilization." All human endeavors are predestined to failure, it appears, unless they conform to the Christian ideal. The wages of sin is death, so we have got to stop sinning if we want to get anywhere. This seems plausible enough, but how? Dr. Van Dusen is a little vague about this. God redeems society by "healing processes" (this comes near to that personification of social forces to which the author previously objected) and also by the redemptive influence on society of individuals who have been personally redeemed. But if disaster comes from violating the laws of God (an absolute, omnipotent God in whose eyes bad judgment is sin, too) it would seem that redemption can come only from learning those laws, and obeying them.

What are those laws? Some of them, it would seem, are individual; if you jump out of a window, God wills that you hit the ground; if the ground is far enough below the window, you will kill yourself. Others are social; thou shalt not be greedy, thou shalt not grind down the faces of the poor, thou shalt not make mistakes—otherwise the poor, at least, will pay for it; and your grandchildren, perhaps. Another of God's laws, verified by thousands of years of human observation, is that the strong and clever and lucky survive and breed, while the weak and slow-witted go under. But this is repugnant to the ethics of historic Christianity, as well as of modern humanitarianism; we have gone in for saving the weak and slow-witted and unlucky (bad luck, as Dr. Van Dusen by his own premises should agree, is a sin too); for feeding them on relief, when necessary, at the expense of their biological superiors, and letting them interbreed with the strong to the deterioration of the blood stream of the race. This reviewer, having been the sort of sickly child who would have died in a more hard-boiled epoch, can hardly object to this practice; but it seems the boldest of human defiances of the divine will, and we may yet discover that preventive medicine is the worst sin of modern society.

All this comes of the Modernist endeavor to save the Loving Father-God of Christian tradition, while rejecting the traditional premises. There is another way out, of course; it occurred to Spinoza, and to the author of the Book of Job before him, that possibly divine notions of right and wrong differed from those of man. And since (they both concluded) God's idea of justice is unknowable, we might as well do the best we can, take what comes to us, and agree that God knows best. But thanks to science we appear to know a little more about the will of the inexorable God of Everything than was known even in Spinoza's day; and it might seem more sensible either to amend human ideas of justice to conform with divine, however distasteful these latter may be, or to admit that we are going to do the best we can, even if it means running counter to the will of a deity who made both Dr. Van Dusen and the virus of infantile paralysis.

Elmer Davis has contributed articles on subjects of theological and philosophical controversy to leading magazines.

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Frontiers of Modern Science

OUTPOSTS OF SCIENCE. By Bernard Jaffe. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $3.50.

WORLDS WITHOUT END. By H. Spencer Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $3.

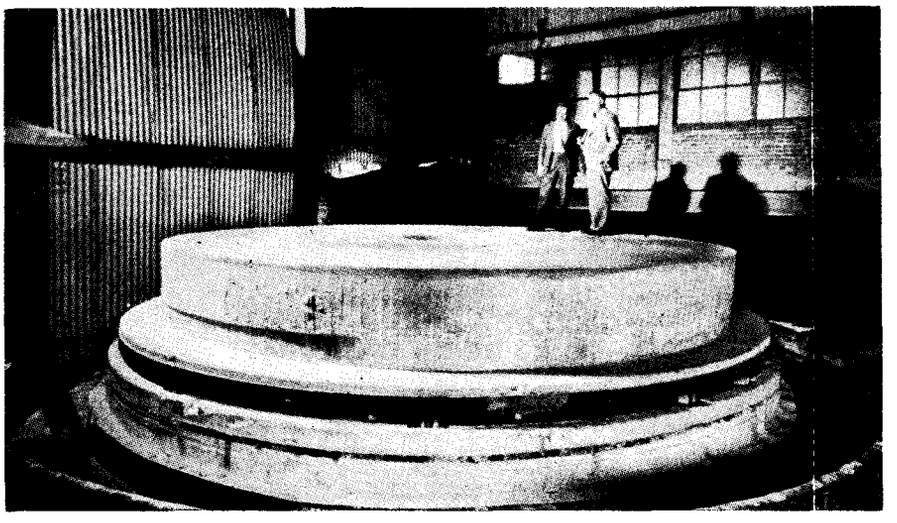
UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF SCIENCE. By A. W. Haslett. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by C. C. FURNAS

THE first of these books records the latest results of scientific research and presents brief vignettes of the personalities back of the work. Starting with "Genetics" Mr. Jaffe ends with "Galaxies" and in between spreads Anthropology, Physical Disease, Cancer, Glands, Mental Diseases, Vitamins, Insects, Matter, Radiation, Astrophysics, and Weather. He sets forth his facts well, in a simple manner so that all who read may understand, and he sets them forth accurately. His is not great writing but it is good writing, and for scientific subjects greatness of pen is not necessary. There are only three requirements for scientific writing: that ideas be presented as simply as possible, that explanations be clear, and that facts appear in logical order. If these requirements are fulfilled, interest in the subject itself holds the reader. Once he is started, Jaffe's book does hold the reader. As to accuracy—there can be no doubt that the man knows whereof he speaks, though his knowledge may be second or third hand. He slips a few times, though not often. For instance, he has the 200-inch disk of Pyrex glass for the world's forthcoming largest telescope poured in 1934 and being shipped to California in 1935 with the grinding work already started. Unfortunately the disk poured in 1934 was faulty, was never shipped or ground, and a second disk still rests in the annealing ovens at Corning, New York, though it hopes to start its journey to California soon.

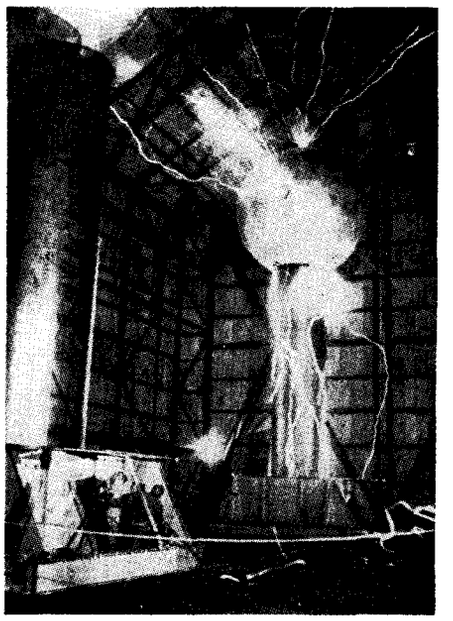
Anyone who has the slightest interest in a general view of the sciences will undoubtedly find Mr. Jaffe's volume readable from the front cover to the thirteen excellent pages of "Sources and Reference Material" and the extensive index at the end. For the man who has never been properly introduced to the physical sciences it may, on the other hand, appear to have too many facts and too few personalities.

But Mr. Jaffe has been wise in not following in the footsteps of a de Kruif in his "Microbe Hunters" and making the mistake of continually straining for dramatic effect. He does not overwork his personalities; indeed, he is inclined to lean over backward in his editing of personal material. Instead of bringing out the human touches he suppresses them. Had he thrown caution to the winds and labored carefully, he might have had a truly great book, the kind that sometimes grows into a classic, but it would have been essentially a book of biographies. When he visited the great physicist, Millikan, that gentleman was characteristically "busy campaigning for Herbert Hoover" and he "turned me over to some of his young associates for information." Of Millikan's student days he writes: "Much of his laboratory work was done at night, sometimes while he was still in full dress after a late social engagement." That is not the traditional scientist; he deserved at least two chapters of explanation. C. V. Riley, brilliant but argumentative head of the Bureau of Entomology, "resigned in a fit of temper" in 1894. That fit of temper would undoubtedly have been splendid material, had it been expanded. The authority on vitamins, E. V. McCollum, left the University of Wisconsin because "matters were getting strained at Wisconsin." No further word. The strained relations at Wisconsin are probably as interesting as the vitamins. Of course, had Mr. Jaffe written all he knows of foibles and cantankerousness as well as sterling qualities he would have made several dozen powerful enemies. The book would have been a landmark but perhaps it would not be worth it to the author, for he may want to write of science and scientists again—I hope he does.



THE FIRST OF THE HUGE MIRROR DISKS

Cast by the Corning Glass Works for the new 200-inch telescope to be erected on the top of Palomar Peak, California. Pictures on this page from "Outposts of Science."



VAN DE GRAAFF'S ELECTROSTATIC MACHINE IN ACTION

Voltages as high as 7,000,000 volts have been attained. (Wide World photo.)

After reading Jaffe's chapters on Astrophysics and Galaxies the reader should turn to Jones's "Worlds Without End." He will find some duplication but not too much. Jones starts with the earth under our feet and then in easy stages takes us to the moon, each of the planets in turn, to the asteroids, the neighboring stars, to the limits of the Milky Way, to the millions of outlying island universes. It is a Cook's Tour of the cosmos but there is no ballyhoo about the glory of the heavens. Yet the reader lays the book down with an itch to go outdoors, to see again the Milky Way lighting the summer sky or Sirius, the Dog Star, decorating the winter night. The book is clear, concise, and authentic. It is for the reader of little knowledge but many questions.

The most interesting chapter is on "Life in Other Worlds." Verdict—Venus and Mars, some form of life barely possible, elsewhere in the solar system—no. As for stars other than the sun ". . . the probability is that there are other worlds scattered throughout the cosmos where life exists." That is comforting but here is a thought that is not. "In June 1921, the Earth escaped collision with Pons-Winnecke's comet by a few days only. Such a collision . . . would be serious for the region of the earth where the impact oc-

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curred." That bit of understatement is probably a subtle piece of English humor.

Mr. Haslett has done an outstanding job in the collecting of information, but has not distinguished himself as well in presenting it. Unfortunately the arrangement of his material is such as to be more likely to interest the reader already familiar with scientific thought than to lure any outsiders into the tent to observe the great scientific show.

Nevertheless, for a person with the mental leanings of the old time "natural philosopher"—the gentleman who was interested in a little of everything—his volume is highly recommended. Its facts are set forth in clear and simple form and the subject matter is completely authentic. The meat of the book is presented in the twelve central chapters. Ignoring the titles the general division of the subject matter may be classed as two chapters on astronomy, one on geology, one on meteorology, two on anthropology, two on physiology and psychology, and four on physics. Mr. Haslett sticks reasonably well to the implications of his title though ninety-five percent of his text is devoted, not to the unsolved problems of science, but to the solved problems. That is probably about the correct proportion though he might have used his five percent of forecasting to better advantage if he had pointed out more of the probable effects of yet-unfound knowledge on human affairs. As it stands the book is an outstanding compilation of information presented in orderly and simple fashion but it just misses being an outstanding book.

There is an excellent index. Had the author been a shade more scholarly and put in a bibliography he would have added greatly to the utility of the volume.

C. C. Furnas, who is a member of the department of chemical engineering of Yale University, is the author of "The Next Hundred Years: the Unfinished Business of Science," a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for January.

Seeing Mexico

TRAILING CORTEZ THROUGH MEXICO. By Harry A. Franck. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1935. $3.50.

MEXICAN ODYSSEY. By Heath Bowman and Stirling Dickinson. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Co. 1935. $2.50.

MEXICAN JOURNEY. By Edith Mackie and Sheldon Dick. New York: Dodge Publishing Co. 1935. $2.25.

Reviewed by RANDOLPH BARTLETT

IN order to write truly about a country it is necessary not merely to see it with the eyes, nor merely to understand it with the mind, but primarily to feel it in the heart. This cannot be achieved by the traveler who skips from museum to market, from cathedral to mountain, from park to slum, and from restaurant to railway. No matter how well trained in making observations such a peripatetic may be, his record will consist mainly of superficialities.

Of no country is this truer than of Mexico, which to most Americans is more foreign than France or Germany. Few even of those who are aware that banditry and revolution are isolated and increasingly rare phenomena of the republic, have any conception of the inner genius of the people, or any comprehension of what Mexican culture must inevitably mean in the development of the United States. Three books just published will help to clear away some of the ignorance on these points.

The Mexophile will frequently be irritated by Harry A. Franck's book. With two traveling companions and an automobile which keeps popping up, and off, he hurries back and forth from the Rio Grande to Oaxaca and sees a little of a lot of things which are not correlated. The only section which has cohesion and continuity is that in which he tells of trying to find the route taken by Cortez on his first expedition, from Vera Cruz to what is now Mexico City.

However, those who do not know the land and its people will find "Trailing Cortez Through Mexico" informative despite its diffuseness. They will learn that it is a mistake as yet to try to drive from Texas to the capital. They will discover that in primitive territory good beds are scarce. They will learn interesting facts about the Cardenas regime, for the book is up to date in every respect. But they will look in vain for any evidence that Mr. Franck heard a group of Mexicans sing *"Guadalajara en un llano"* or saw them dance the *jarabe tapatio.*

Mr. Franck's book is much better than no book at all about Mexico, but not so good a one as he had led readers to expect from him.

In contrast, with light hearts and apparently even lighter purses, two young men from Chicago, Heath Bowman, a writer, and Stirling Dickinson, a painter, wandered nonchalantly down below the Rio Grande, and brought back a book which is so full flavored that it entitles them to be endowed as permanent travelers. They should be provided with something less than sufficient money, and told to "go and see and go and see and go and see some more," and then come back and tell about it. Submerging their Nordic egoes, they insinuated themselves into the good will of the people of Mexico, and were swept to those warm and hospitable hearts. They are *simpaticos.*

Most significant and valuable of the varied chapters of the "Mexican Odyssey" are those which deal with several craft towns. Tixtla with its carvers of masks, Chilapa with its shawls, the workers in pottery and metals in Oaxaca, the *serapes* of Texcoco, are all discussed with a respect for the native arts that is refreshing. Best of all, while these two young men are serious, they are never dull, and the book is full of prankish humor.

"Mexican Journey" is frankly a guide book, and an excellent one. For those who have no talent for independent idling through a country, this compendium will enable them to decide where to go, how to get there, what to see, and how much it will cost.

What the people of the United States must learn, is that Mexico is struggling valiantly upward toward a crystallization of the national spirit against tremendous difficulties, the heritage from the Porfirio Diaz despotism. These three books, each in its individual way, are valuable contributions to the cause.

Randolph Bartlett, now on the editorial staff of the New York Sun, *was formerly a newspaper man in California, and he has traveled extensively in Mexico.*

LINOLEUM PRINT BY STIRLING DICKINSON: *From "Mexican Odyssey."*

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Christmas Cards

I THINK (with a shooting pain of guilt and envy) of those remarkable people who have their Christmas all thought out a long way ahead; their greeting cards designed and printed; this very evening they are sitting down with an address list and a big sheet of stamps. They are addressing envelopes, and unless they have a highball handy their tongues are dry from licking.

I save Christmas cards, not in the scientific spirit of a collector but because I cannot bear to throw away such cheerful little symbols of kindness. One day last summer, moving a lot of papers out to the Knothole, I came across a box in which a mass of old cards had been stored. In curiosity I began to tabulate them according to their pictorial themes. Everything else in the world has been analyzed and index-numbered by sociologists, why not Christmas cards? — in which humanity surely expresses, without reserve, its most honorable yen. So I took 200 of them and here is how they broke down, classified by their dominant art-subjects: —

Snow Scenes (rustic)	15
Stage Coaches	10
Ships and Galleons	10
Waits and Carols	9
Scotties	9
Other Dogs	2
Crinolines & Top Hats	7
Monks & Medieval	6
Holly	6
Poinsettias	6
Victorian Scenes	5
Musical Staves	5
Churches	4
Xmas Tree Designs	4
Candles	4
Children	4
Reindeer	3
Drinking Scenes	3
Wise Men & Camels	3
Open Fireplaces	3
Hospitable Doorways	3
Star Designs	2
Mistletoe	2
Snow Men	2
Angels & Cherubs	2
Santa Claus	2
Rabbits	2
Mice	2
Birds	2
Sheep	1
Stables & Mangers	1
Clowns	1
Yule Logs	1

These (141) were all picture cards of public circulation, available to anyone. The rest of the 200 were individual and original: drawings or photos made by the senders, or private reproductions of art works, maps, reprinted poems, quotations, or what not. The fact that nearly one-third of the cards were original interests me; and perhaps the next comment the amateur Keyserling would make is the triumph of the Scottish terrier. He is abreast of Waits and Carols and will shortly overhaul even the stage-coach.

I was about to say that I had never yet seen an automobile on a Christmas card; then I remembered that the local oil company sent me one last year, showing a tank-truck faithfully delivering in a blizzard. But that was a commercial halloo and so not included in my study. It is evident that the Christmas card is becoming more secularized; some of the festival's most traditional symbols are now low on the list—the good old Yule log for instance. Observe how the sailing ship has

WOODCUT BY STEPHEN BONE

risen as a figment of romance; and how poinsettia has caught up with holly. Among the original sketches I remember particularly a humorous one from good C. F. B. entitled "Bringing in the Yule Log in Scarsdale," and showing two plumbers carrying in a new radiator. Another friend's greeting, ingeniously expressive of Depression times, was printed in bright red ink on an ordinary brown-paper grocery bag. Among so many pretty tinsels and gay reminders nothing was somehow more touching to rediscover than a little folder in which a child had bound up her school exercises, with their grades and corrections, as homage for her mother.

Certainly in no merely statistical mood one looks over old Christmas cards. One finds the names of those from whom we shall never have greetings again. Some are lastingly associated in our minds with Christmas. I think of our good Oliver, hater of crowds and hurry. In the last years he was not able to do much shopping himself; it became a ritual for various friends to perform his errands for him on Christmas Eve while he waited at a 45th Street pub. His emissaries gathered there, one by one, with the parcels; unconstitutional old fashioneds (themselves as bright as Christmas cards) were ranked deep on the board; very likely Oliver would feel the impulse to go through his unrivalled repertory of unseemly tricks with matchsticks (I wish I could remember them) and we would all get home late. More than one of that group collapsed his own tree that night as he trimmed it, but still holds both cause and occasion dear. One of my favorite Christmas cards was that on which Fred Van de Water reprinted his grand carol for sinners—

Ye drabs and wastrels, near and far,
Who pay propriety sore toll,
Our tavern portal hangs ajar
Our spits turn blithely o'er the coal.
Ho, tipplers! Loud your catches troll,
Ho, diners! Bravely crack your jest—
He loves good laughter, stout and whole
Who comes, each Yule, to be our Guest.

And I find, among these strangely varied reminders, a shabby little German Christmas card, postmarked in Hoboken years ago, from a young Dutch sailor who died in hospital not long afterward. A "casual of the sea" indeed was Tommy, simple and kind and helpless; he still lives in McFee's fine novel which was partly named for him.

There will be, this year as usual, the average quota of reprints of old Washington Irving's Yuletide passages; which are pleasant enough, but I have long hankered to see someone try a little Alexander Smith for a change. If I find myself getting unwarrantably cheerful I turn to *Dreamthorp* and read: "Is not the public air which European nations breathe at this moment, as it has been for several years back, charged with thunder? Despots are plotting, ships are building, man's ingenuity is bent, as it never was bent before, on the invention and improvement of instruments of death."— And this was written at Christmas 1862.

But, for myself, there's another piece— also actually written on Christmas Day —that I've long wanted to reprint. It's the preface to the great Constitutional History by old Bishop Stubbs (not Bishop when he wrote it.) Stubbs succeeded Goldwin Smith as regius professor of history at

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Oxford when Smith went to the young wilderness of Cornell in 1866. He lived at Kettel Hall, which I dimly remember as an appanage of Trinity College. I presume that like most good churchmen and professors he had a large family, but even on Christmas Day (1873) while waiting for the goose and port wine he fled the uproar of the young Stubbses and took to his study. There he wrote words that students may well consider.

"The History of Institutions," wrote Professor Stubbs, "cannot be mastered,—can scarcely be approached,—without an effort. It affords little of the romantic incident or of the picturesque grouping which constitute the charm of History in general, and holds out small temptation to the mind that requires to be tempted to the study of Truth. But it has a deep value and an abiding interest to those who have courage to work upon it. It presents a regularly developed series of causes and consequences, and abounds in examples of that continuity of life, the realisation of which is necessary to give the reader a personal hold on the past and a right judgment of the present. For the roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is. Constitutional History has a point of view, an insight, and a language of its own; it reads the exploits and characters of men by a different light from that shed by the false glare of arms, and interprets positions and facts in words that are voiceless to those who have only listened to the trumpet of fame. The world's heroes are no heroes to it, and it has an equitable consideration to give to many whom the verdict of ignorant posterity and the condemning sentence of events have consigned to obscurity or reproach. Without some knowledge of Constitutional History it is absolutely impossible to do justice to the characters and positions of the actors in the great drama; absolutely impossible to understand the origin of parties, the development of principles, the growth of nations in spite of parties and in defiance of principles. It alone can teach why it is that in politics

A CARD BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

A FAMOUS CARTOONIST'S CARD

good men do not always think alike, that the worst cause has often been illustrated with the most heroic virtue, and that the world owes some of its greatest debts to men from whose very memory it recoils."

At the bottom of this fine statement the excellent man wrote "Kettel Hall, Christmas Day, 1873," and then repaired, I hope, to his dinner with strong appetite.

But we were speaking of Christmas cards. Mr. Ogden Nash's witty plea for the oldtime card instead of the modernist fantasia is worth reading aloud to your own particular group on the Day itself, "Epstein, Spare That Yule Log!" he calls it; it's in his volume *The Primrose Path*. Until some greeting card company is canny enough to offer us a composite design containing all the elements listed above (it should be a big selling number) I must confess a special affection for cards that suggest some kind of heat. To those who live in the country the primal problem of keeping warm still has much meaning. I often think of that superb little verse of John Crowe Ransom's, *Winter Remembered*:—

Two evils, monstrous either one apart,
Possessed me, and were long and loath
at going:
A cry of Absence, Absence, in the heart,
And in the wood the furious winter
blowing.

But of all the prepared or printed sentiments for a Christmas salute, I have found none that seemed more graceful than a quotation from Stevenson on a little card from England. It is taken, if I remember, from one of his dedications:—"This little paper traveler goes forth to your door charged with tender greetings. Pray you take him in." Perhaps, in the humility of one who seems too inefficient to prepare blazons of his own, that may stand as our Christmas homage.

And the procrastinator is always in good company. I smile at a leaflet among these I've been studying—the printer was reproaching Mr. Bruce Rogers, on December 24, 1927, for not having his Christmas card laid out in type yet. "Why," said Mr. Rogers, "I'm just starting on my card for 1925."

The Perfect Spy

SECRETS OF THE WHITE LADY. By Captain Henry Landau. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

HERE is a book one could wish might be made required reading for every author who, hereafter, undertakes to write a spy story about the World War. Its author, Captain Henry Landau, in his earlier volume, "All's Fair," supplied what is perhaps the best book on the actual business of espionage behind the enemy lines in wartime which had as yet appeared. In some ways this is an even better book, combining the rare merits of exact knowledge and a nice gift for telling a story.

Captain Landau had charge of the operating end of the British Secret Service in Belgium and Germany. His business was to get the news through the high voltage electric mesh that the Germans constructed about occupied Belgium. He worked from Holland and when he took over the task the earlier systems had completely broken down with a shocking cost of life. But on the ruins of the old he was able to construct a new organization, which functioned with amazing efficiency and with but two casualties inflicted by the enemy.

The White Lady, the name adopted by the Belgians, who themselves created and conducted this enterprise, was borrowed from the legend which reported the arrival of a mysterious figure in white in the presence of the Hohenzollerns on the eve of a catastrophe. Actually, something more than a thousand men, women, and youths were enrolled in this organization. Of priests and nuns there were eighty, among the members one hundred and forty-four had university degrees and two hundred and eleven had been members of the Belgian civil service. Forty-five were arrested, five condemned to death, but only two actually faced a firing squad.

The major task of the White Lady was to organize train-watching posts along all of the railway lines leading from Germany into Belgium and Northern France. By that means the movement of troops could be spotted and the coming of offensives discovered. In the end all the strategic lines were covered, the reports regularly put across the frontier and British G.H.Q. accurately informed of what was going to happen. Incidentally other invaluable information was gathered. The random word of a German soldier to a Belgian nun led directly to the locating of the Big Bertha which was bombarding Paris from Crepy near Laon.

When the Germans captured two of the members of the White Lady and put them in the strongest of all prisons, these captives organized a system of communication within and without the walls and, at last, were rescued by their organization.

Every class and condition was repre-

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sented in the White Lady. There were hairbreadth escapes, there were deeds of devotion beyond praise. All this story is told, moreover, with a directness and restraint which are admirable. Having read this book once straight through, I sat down and read it again with a large-scale map in hand. It was better reading the second time than the first.

The Story of a Novel

(*Continued from page 4*)

pity, love, or simple casual companionship, however brief?

In addition, one might come upon other sections under some such cryptic heading as "Where now?" Under such a heading as this, there would be brief notations of those thousands of things which all of us have seen for just a flash, a moment in our lives, which seem to be of no consequence whatever at the moment that we see them, and which live in our minds and hearts forever, which are somehow pregnant with all the joy and sorrow of the human destiny, and which we know, somehow, are therefore more important than many things of more apparent consequence. "Where now?" Some quiet steps that came and passed along a leafy night-time street in summer in a little town down South long years ago; a woman's voice, her sudden burst of low and tender laughter; then the voices and the footsteps going, silence, the leafy rustle of the trees. "Where now?" Two trains that met and paused at a little station at some little town at some unknown moment upon the huge body of the continent; a girl who looked and smiled from the window of the other train; another passing in a motor car on the streets of Norfolk; the winter boarders in a little boarding house down South twenty years ago; Miss Florrie Mangle, the trained nurse; Miss Jessie Rimmer, the cashier at Reed's drug store; Dr. Richards, the clairvoyant; the pretty girl who cracked the whip and thrust her head into the lion's mouth with Johnny J. Jones Carnival and Combined Shows.

"Where now?" It went beyond the limits of man's actual memory. It went back to the farthest adyt of his childhood before conscious memory had begun, the way he thought he must have felt the sun one day and heard Peagram's cow next door wrenching the coarse grass against the fence, or heard the street car stop upon the hill above his father's house at noon; and Earnest Peagram coming home to lunch, his hearty voice in midday greeting; and then the street car going, the sudden lonely green-gold silence of the street car's absence and an iron gate slamming, then the light of that lost day fades out. "Where now?" He can recall no more and does not know if what he has recalled is fact or fable or a fusion of the two. Where now—in these great ledger books, month after month, I wrote such things as this. Not only the concrete, material record of man's ordered memory, but all the things he scarcely dares to think he has remembered; all the flicks and darts and haunting lights that flash across the mind of man that will return unbidden at an unexpected moment; a voice once heard; a face that vanished; the way the sunlight came and went; the rustling of a leaf upon a bough; a stone, a leaf, a door.

It may be objected, it has been objected already by certain critics, that in such research as I have here attempted to describe there is a quality of intemperate excess, an almost insane hunger to devour the entire body of human experience, to attempt to include more, experience more, than the measure of one life can hold, or than the limits of a single work of art can well define. I readily admit the validity of this criticism. I think I realize as well as anyone the fatal dangers that are consequent to such a ravenous desire, the damage it may wreak upon one's life and on one's work. But having had this thing within me, it was in no way possible for me to reason it out of me, no matter how cogently my reason worked against it. The only way I could meet it was to meet it squarely not with reason, but with life.

It was part of my life; for many years it was my life; and the only way I could get it out of me was to live it out of me. And that is what I did. I have not wholly succeeded in that purpose yet, but I have succeeded better than I at one time dared to hope. And now I really believe that so far as the artist is concerned, the unlimited extent of human experience is not so important for him as the depth and intensity with which he experiences things. I also know now that it is a great deal more important to have known one hundred living men and women in New York, to have understood their lives, to have got, somehow, at the root and source from which their natures came than to have seen or passed or talked with 7,000,000 people upon the city streets. And what finally I should most like to say about this research which I have attempted to describe is this: That foolish and mistaken as much of it may seem, the total quality, end, and impact of that whole experience was not useless or excessive. And from my own point of view, at least, it is in its whole implication the one thing I may have to tell about my experience as a writer which may be of some concrete value to other people. I consider this experience on the whole the most valuable and practical in my whole life thus far as a writer. With all the waste and error and confusion it led me into, it brought me closer to a concrete definition of my resources, a true estimate of my talents at this period of my life, and, most of all, toward a rudimentary, a just-beginning, but a living apprehension of the articulation I am looking for, the language I have got to have if, as an artist, my life is to proceed and grow, than any other thing that has ever happened to me.

I know the door is not yet open. I know the tongue, the speech, the language that I seek is not yet found, but I believe with all my heart that I have found the way, have made a channel, am started on my first beginning. And I believe with all my heart, also, that each man for himself and in his own way, each man who ever hopes to make a living thing out of the substances of his one life, must find that way, that language, and that door—must find it for himself as I have tried to do.

Next week Thomas Wolfe concludes his "Story of a Novel" with the account of his return to America; of his years in Brooklyn until, at the end of 1933, *he had written over a million words; and how this mass of manuscript was worked on for another year until "Of Time and the River" could be published.*

NARRATION

BY

GERTRUDE STEIN

This volume contains four lectures delivered in Chicago in March, 1935, by the author of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.* Introduction by THORNTON WILDER, who says, "These lectures are brilliant examples of the breadth and movement and energy that the perspective of time will reveal to have been our characteristic."

Photo by Disraeli

Striking modern format—7" x 9"—$2.50; postpaid, $2.60. Limited edition of 120 copies, one hundred for sale, autographed by both Miss Stein and Mr. Wilder, $10.00.

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The Art of the East

THE SPIRIT OF MAN IN ASIAN ART. By Laurence Binyon. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by LOUIS V. LEDOUX

IN all that he does Mr. Laurence Binyon remains a poet. His new book is filled with flashes of interpretation, and the reader cannot fail to be impressed by the extraordinary variety and richness of his mind. One does not go to him primarily for scholarship or technical discussion, but for something superior to these where a work of art is concerned—the imaginative insight and sensitiveness of a great appreciator. It takes two to make a poem—the writer and the reader; it takes two to make a picture or a statue live. In a spiritual sense such appreciation as Mr. Binyon gives is almost equivalent to re-creation; and for the rest of us who are less endowed than he, companionship with him is as delightful as it is useful. What he writes frequently is suffused with emotion, but the style never is overburdened and remains perfect in lucidity as well as in tonal quality even when the thought it expresses is abstruse. He is a master of English prose.

"The Spirit of Man in Asian Art" does not pretend to be a history of the art of the Far East. Its purpose, which is clearly stated and consistently carried out, is

> to show how the spirit of man, whether in China or India, Persia or Japan, has expressed through creative art its relation to the world and to the universe; to suggest the likenesses and contrasts between these arts and the arts of Western countries, the reactions of the arts of the various races of Asia on each other, and the specific virtue in the contribution of each of them to the whole.

To accomplish his aim Mr. Binyon tries to make clear the fundamental racial characteristics that distinguish the expressions in art of the different Asian stocks, and one of the virtues of the book is the peculiar clarity with which this difficult task is carried out. The art of Asia is a unit as compared with the art of the Occident, as in a still broader view the art of the world is one; but there are differences based in racial characteristics in the Orient just as there are in the West where Umbrian painting, for example, differs from that of the Netherlands even though the fountain head of all Occidental art is in Greece, as the center, though not the origin, of all Oriental art is in China. It is better, however, to let Mr. Binyon speak for himself.

While discussing the wall-paintings at Bagh, in India, he drops, quite casually, the following illuminating sentences:

> Above all, there is a perfect fusion of the sensuous and the spiritual. The spiritual significance of life is not emphasized so as to become disdainful of the lovely body and the warm earth; it is felt rather as something which pervades and perfumes all that breathes, like the light touch of wind blowing from we know not where; something which unites and does not divide.

There, in a few brief phrases, is the essence of much of the art of India, and attention must be called once more to the lucidity of the simple and lovely prose in which an abstruse and difficult summary is conveyed. Of China, Mr. Binyon writes, while speaking of the Ming tombs and the quiet valley in which they lie:

> The mind . . . has discovered a harmony between its own life and the life of nature; there is a flowing out and a flowing in. Here is the keynote of the creative art of China.

And again on a later page:

> The attitude of Lao-tzu seems to have much in common with the Indian attitude, yet it is, I think, more accessible to our ways of thinking. Indian art and poetry are full of delight in the beauties of this world, because in each glory of sound and sight and smell is found a manifestation of the joy of the Infinite Spirit. But with all that sensitiveness to nature there is no passionate study of nature as a whole. There is no development of pure landscape art, as in China, where there is a deep and abiding sense of the companionship of earth and man. The habit of regarding the world of appearances as illusory is too strong. . . .

KRISHNA DANCING ON THE CONQUERED SERPENT.
East Indian bronze, reproduced from "Mythologie Générale" (Larousse).

Still further on in the Chinese section of the book the author adds:

> If the artists crave for the companionship of hills and streams, it is because they are convinced that in such companionship the true life of man is to be found. It is an escape not from life, but to life. Therefore these paintings are mostly serene and exhilarating.

The limits imposed on this review forbid equal quotation as to the art of Persia, which in any case is rather a parallel river than an affluent of the main stream of Asian art, which flowed from India through China to Japan gaining new aspects in its course like the river in Matthew Arnold's poem; but the racial traits of the Japanese and the distinguishing characteristics of their art are so incisively put that it seems necessary to quote at some length what Mr. Binyon says of them. In one place he is speaking of a garden designed by Soami—a strange garden to Western eyes, flowerless, shrubless, waterless, nothing but an expanse of raked white sand with a few rocks; and after describing it as the ultimate expression of Zen thought he adds, like one turning on a sudden light in a dark room:

> I should like to dwell for a moment on this propensity to carry things to extremity, to sacrifice everything else to the chosen aim, which I think is characteristic of the race and which sometimes will appear to us almost fantastic, almost terrifying.
>
> Okakura has observed that the strong element of common sense in the Chinese nature has prevented the Chinese from carrying things to extremes in the world of ideas and the world of action. In this respect, he says, the Japanese are much nearer to the Indians. . . .
>
> There is a sort of absolute quality in the Japanese loyalty to a cause or an idea. Probably in the history of the world there has never been a race so heroic, I mean so possessed by the spirit which is ready to dare all and endure all, regardless of consequence, in the cause which it has chosen. Though this spirit is manifested most strikingly in the world of action, it is present also in the world of ideas, and in art. In Japanese art we are to look for no careless creative profusion, no copious magnificence; it is rather a fine distillation, a concentration of aim exerted in the direction of a fastidious delicacy of taste.

Much more could be said about this book than has been said. It contributes little or nothing not previously known to specialists, and for an audience of non-specialists such as that to which its contents were delivered as lectures last year at Harvard, it may presuppose too much. What it gives in a sort of fusion of intellect and emotion and merely sensuous appreciation, is the reaction of a peculiarly endowed Occidental observer to the art of the East and an explanation partly brought out by comparison with and distinction from the art of the West, of how the human spirit in the countries under consideration has expressed the gropings, the uncertainties, the aspirations of the soul of man in its relations to the universe.

There are points of scholarship with which one might venture to disagree, as for example, the statement that the vitality of the animal forms in Early Chinese bronzes seldom degenerated in later times into formalism. These, however, are very minor points against a volume that should stimulate a person who already knows something of Eastern art almost as much as it would one who enters for the first time through its door of enchantment.

Louis V. Ledoux is president of the Society for Japanese Studies.

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America's First Man of Letters

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By Stanley T. Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. 2 *vols.* $15.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THIS is perhaps the least hurried book to issue this fall. Its two stout volumes, to be followed by a bibliographical third, have been in preparation for the past ten years, and it emerges as the definitive life of America's first man of letters. What is more, it makes entertaining reading, evidence that the demands of the specialist and of the public are not so far apart as is sometimes assumed.

Irving presents an interesting conflict of literary standards. Intrinsically, his work is on a par with that of such English contemporaries as Scott, Moore, Campbell, and perhaps even lesser men, and he cannot be thought of in the same breath with Shelley, Lamb, or Wordsworth. But historically it marks the beginning of our national literature. In the one sense, he is an author of secondary value, one of the lesser stars in the constellation of the English romantic movement, influencing his age by personal charm as much as by literary genius; in the other, he is our Chaucer, the first American writer to carve out even a modest place in world literature.

Mr. Williams's approach to his problem takes these conflicting facts into consideration, and his treatment of it never for a moment loses the perspective thus gained. The personality of Irving has been presented to us clearly by his nephew, Pierre, and by later biographers, notably George S. Hellman. But in all of these portraits, particularly in the first, the charm of the man has led to over-sympathetic appreciation, to confusion of sentiment with worth, or to rather violent spells of disillusionment. Pierre tells us that the memory of Matilda Hoffman followed Irving through life, kept him a bachelor, and furnished the chief inspiration of his work. Mr. Hellman reveals the suppressed romance with Emily Foster and shatters our sentimental dream. But Mr. Williams demonstrates that, in spirit, Pierre was right. Matilda was the source of the charm in all other women, for at the very moment when Irving's dependence on the Fosters was greatest, he scrawled in the margin of his note-book, "I see her in their eyes." He had all the sentimentality of his age.

In a subtle and unobtrusive way, we are made to feel in this new biography that here we have found the key to his character. "Moore was inclined to scold him," says Mr. Williams, "because, when introduced as a lion, he so quickly took on the guise of the lamb. . . . On the world of social thought or, indeed, on those of character or passion or criticism, this observer of externals was silent." His merit for his time lay in his "gentle" character, the quality which so annoyed Lamb when it was rightly applied to himself, but which Irving justified by acceptance. He was one with his essays.

A franker and harsher age has tended to shelve such relics of bygone sentimentality as Geoffrey Crayon, and Irving has suffered. The divorce of the charming man of society from the graceful essayist was no mean critical task, if the latter were to survive the operation. Most of Irving's work goes into the discard in the process, but a half dozen of the "Sketch Book" essays "live on the speech of men" and "it is their literary quality which has caused them to survive." The theme of mutability, celebrated by Shakespeare, Spenser, and Keats with deeper wisdom, finds an original expression once more in the hands of this proficient and trained writer of familiar prose. Similarly, Irving's humor and his antiquarian sensibilities survive as purely literary values in other works.

But this biography is more than a discerning character portrayal and critical analysis. "Curious," writes Mr. Williams, "how the allegiance of 'The Sketch Book' to established English canons proved to be a hook with two barbs, catching both American and British publics." In spite of his long residence abroad and his study of English models, the roots of Irving's art were deep in the America of the day, a nation emergent. The adolescent conflict between egotism and dependence which all American literature of the period expresses, found in him a soothing synthesis; in Cooper and Paulding a disrupting analysis. Furthermore, as Mr. Williams points out, the literary standards of the era "intermingled the aims of art, morality, politics, and business." Such incongruities gave rise to a widespread demand that America suddenly create a literature of her own, free of foreign dominance, and expressive of the whole American consciousness. Irving was a god-sent answer to the prayer. In the suavity of his prose, his compatriots found the expression of their bourgeois and nationalistic hopes, with the barbs of inconsistency carefully removed. He could at once be the spokesman of his nation abroad and a respectable essayist in the English literary tradition. His importance in giving our national literature its first real start is therefore immense, and the study of his life and work provides insight into the ideals and mental habits of his age and people. With the biographical, historical, and critical aspects of his work done so thoroughly, we may look forward to the bibliographical volume with confidence. The whole must always be a model for American literary scholarship.

Robert E. Spiller is a member of the department of English of Swarthmore College and author of a number of works on American literature.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 90)

LAWRENCE—"SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM"

As time went by our need to fight for the ideal increased to an unquestioning possession, riding with spur and rein over our doubts. . . . By our own act we were drained of *morality, of volition, of responsibility,* like dead leaves in the wind.

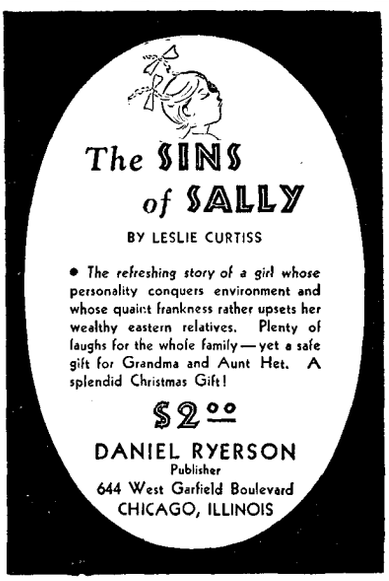
Gascon Adventurer

EPERNON OF OLD FRANCE. By Leo Mouton. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

BEGINNING as it does with the death of Henri III this brief biography omits the most unsavory but the most entertaining and instructive part of the duke of Epernon's career, the rise of the penniless Gascon adventurer who, emerging from the crowd of worthless favorites about the last wretched Valois, thrust his way by sheer effrontery and concentrated egotism to the position of one of the wealthiest and most powerful noblemen of France. No place in the kingdom, short of the throne itself, was too high for his fiercely self-centered ambition to covet, no personal advantage too petty to arouse his game-cock pugnacity. He never, in a half century of furious activity after the death of Henri III, quite succeeded in making history, perhaps because he was never able to imagine the necessity of serving any interests but his own. Not even Richelieu ruined him and he died in 1641 at the age of eighty-seven still a great nobleman, his colossal impudence unbroken to the last. His biographer was perhaps wise in choosing largely incidents from the closing years of Epernon's career.

There are many good stories in this short volume, particularly that of Epernon's absurd feud with the archbishop of Bourdeaux, and many hair-raising adventures, but though the costumes are cloaks and swords there was nothing of M. Beaucaire about Epernon and little even of D'Artagnan. His portrait is rather a reminder that self-made magnates are apt to be a good deal alike whether the stakes are dukedoms or railroads.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The New Books

Belles Lettres

NARRATION: FOUR LECTURES BY GERTRUDE STEIN. University of Chicago Press. 1935. $2.50.

There is a good deal of shrewd common sense in these lectures—for those who know how to get it out. Whether there is anything more is difficult to say. Miss Stein's idea of narrative is best illustrated by quotation: "We now know what the newspaper is and what it does and why it has to be made easier and easier because the more completely in every way everybody anybody knows anything knows everything that is always happening the more easily, the more easy it is to make it easy for any one to know this thing what is always happening." (We thought we knew what the newspaper was until we read this sentence.)

H. S. C.

Biography

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By John Cournos. Putnam. 1935. $3.75.

Most of the material which makes up the earlier portion of this book has already been treated by Mr. Cournos in the form of fiction. The trilogy of novels with which he made his literary debut gave us the experiences of Gombarov, a Russian immigrant youth struggling to support his family under difficult conditions, and unable to marry because of this responsibility. Shorn of many annoying mannerisms and of the vague, inchoate striving after impressiveness which was characteristic of the author's first books, the same story is told in the present autobiography. As a narrative it is considerably more effective in its new form. With the passing years Mr. Cournos has learned to write simpler and better English, and he is now able to review the days of his youth objectively, even with a certain humor. He has never come closer to the high goal he has set for himself than when he tells of the desperate time in Philadelphia during which his oddly assorted family of eight lived largely on the money earned by him as a newsboy in the streets—streets where urchins whose parents had reached America a few years earlier than his, shouted abuse after him.

When Mr. Cournos made his way to London a few years later, and set up (perhaps a shade too professionally) as a writer, his life fell into a more common pattern. Neither his account of the celebrities he met, nor his wartime experiences in Russia, are of unusual interest. Gifted as he was with Hebraic sensibilities and a dogged determination to create literature, it may be asked why his books did not turn out to be more satisfactory. The explanation is perhaps indicated by this autobiography of his. Somewhere in transit between Kieff, Philadelphia, and London Mr. Cournos has mislaid the critical censor necessary to give his work balance and weight. Even in this book, which is far better than the later novels, he creates a telling image a dozen times, only to destroy the effect completely by some ill-timed pseudo-philosophic platitude. In the field of ideas it is perhaps equally significant that the author has never been able to make up his mind very definitely about communism. His autobiography is, however, an adequate self-portrait, giving us both the essential and touching quality of the man, and a fair display of his logical and stylistic weakness.

T. P., Jr.

TIME PAST. Memories of Proust and Others. By Marie Scheikévitch. Houghton Mifflin. 1935. $3.

Daughter of a wealthy and cultured Russian family, brought to Paris as a young girl, the author of this entertaining book early found her way into literary society and stayed there. The time was the "nineties," and the first celebrity who caught her fancy was the caricaturist Caran d'Ache, most foppishly equipped. Her friendships ran from Sarah Bernhardt through Anatole France, Jules LeMaître, Proust, Jacques Blanche, to Paul Morand and Jean Cocteau. Of those and many more she writes vividly, though the actual literary gleaning from these memoirs is slight. Madame Scheikévitch was more successful in extracting from her great friends tender expressions of admiration for herself than opinions on their own work. The forecast which Proust wrote for her of the then unwritten part of the continuations of "De chez Schwann" is, however, a curious and even important document. The flight of a fairly serious butterfly through literary and artistic Paris of our times makes an exceptional theme, which the author has genially exploited. The result is a book of rather slight texture but distinctly diverting. Here and there our own acquaintance has crossed that of the author, which gives us confidence that her sketches of personalities are fair and perceptive.

F. J. M.

Fiction

THE VIRGIN OF SKALHOLT. By Gudmundur Camban. Little, Brown. 1935. $2.50.

Mr. Camban's novel is an historical tale of an Iceland long past its saga time. In the seventeenth century in which this tale is laid, Iceland was no longer a proud and aristocratic republic but a province of Denmark which controlled her trade by a cruel monopoly and allowed her Parliament, the famous Althing, to exist only by sufferance. The Icelandic Church, once the custodian of Iceland's learning and saga literature, had become a formidable ecclesiastical organization that exercised strong temporal power and had given all learning a sombre and theological tinge. Iceland's great men of learning were theologians, and theologians of the harshest Lutheran cast. Gudmundur Camban, an Icelander writing in Danish, has told a tale of star-crossed lovers in the shadow of this church. Skalhot is the estate of the Bishop Brynjolfur Sveinsson; Ragnheithur, the heroine, is his daughter.

Presumably most of the characters are real and the author has simply told of them with the imaginative freedom of the artist, interpreting what may very well be an old family legend or record and bringing it dramatically alive. The events are dramatic enough in themselves. Ragnheithur had fallen in love with Dathi Halldorsson, her tutor, a young man below her in social rank. Rumor and gossip about the two had spread so widely and so evilly that the fierce Bishop made his daughter take a public oath of chastity in the cathedral. Shamed and angered at the affront on her innocence, Ragnheithur became Dathi's lover and when her child was born, the two were separated and both were humiliated. Ragnheithur died of consumption.

Like a saga writer, Camban has kept within the framework of fact and event and followed the story with but minor additions of his own. His tale, however, lacks the simplicity and objectivity of the saga and the calculated artistry of the novel. The author's one great virtue—and he really needs no other—is the power of visualizing detail and reporting the past with the precision of a spectator. Only occasionally does he pause to inform the reader of alien or unusual customs and break the illusion of his narrative. He has successfully dramatized the past so that the country and the people of a long-gone epoch rise living and real before the reading eye.

P. C.

THERE GOES THE "QUEEN." By G. U. Ellis. Morrow. 1935. $3.

This is another long, detailed family story covering the years from Victoria's heyday to the World War. There have been so many of these novels, from Storm Jameson to Doris Leslie—not to mention Galsworthy—that Mr. Ellis has the look of a man hanging on the rear end of the caboose. He manages to ride comfortably, however, and any one who wants another trip over the surface of Edwardian England will find Mr. Ellis a pleasant if undistinguished conductor. His plot is centered in the usual story of childhood lovers growing up, getting appropriately misunderstood by their families, and appropriately separated by the war. The "Queen" of the title is not Victoria, but a river-boat. This book can be recommended to readers who take fiction as a soporific rather than as a stimulant.

G. S.

PERSIAN CONQUEROR. By George S. Hellman. Dodd, Mead. 1935. $2.50.

This romance about Cyrus the Great is scarcely more than a retelling of the legendary biography given by Herodotus, which, as every one ought to know, is one of the best stories in that treasure-house of good stories. The author has drawn also on the Bible, and other sources, and perhaps even on his imagination, bringing in all the possible contemporary figures, Daniel, Æsop, and Buddha, and even some who are not contemporary, like Candaules's wife out of Herodotus again, introduced in a "Proem" because her story is such a good one. This wholesale looting might be justified if the author

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did anything to make his sources more approachable by modern readers; but he does not add any of the background whose want we feel in Herodotus, and his attempts to enliven his original by breaking up the dialogue only rob us of some of the best and most characteristic speeches. In Herodotus, for instance, Candaules's wife says to the man to whom her husband had exhibited her naked,

> You have two roads before you, and I give you your choice of them: either you may kill Candaules, or be killed yourself by these guardsmen, in order that in future you may know better than to do everything Candaules tells you.

This delicious, spirited, and "modern" speech is very badly represented by two pages of dialogue whose high point is "Choose between your own death and that of my vain and shameful husband!" Mr. Hellman does not even acknowledge his sources, which, by sending some readers to Herodotus, might have given the book a justification for its existence which at present it lacks.

B. D.

FISH ON THE STEEPLE. By Ed Bell. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

This is the picture of a Tennessee small town. Its principal industry is the making of bricks, in one of those old-fashioned brickyards already presented to us by Mr. Harlan Hatcher, where the seasoned hands have the one pleasure of hoping for the exhaustion of newcomers; its second industry is arson, both for the sake of collecting insurance and of stimulating the brick trade. Its chief recreation is the pleasures of sex, including those of sadism as practised by the Ku Klux Klan. Its higher life is represented by various brands of orgiastic religion; one sect induces a form of religious epilepsy, known as "Jesus and the jumps"; the members of the most influential denomination (that with a fish on its steeple) get their excitement more respectably by being baptized by immersion again and again. Its inhabitants are, some of them, to be distinguished from savages by their civilized vices, like old Miss Cannie, who was addicted to any form of drug; otherwise, they all respond only to the coarsest stimuli, and are differentiated from each other by minor eccentricities of speech.

Such a town inevitably suggests the nightmare world of Mr. Erskine Caldwell and Mr. William Faulkner, but the general effect of reading the book is far different. It is partly a matter of incident; there is none of the monstrous imaginings of Mr. Faulkner, nor the cold callousness of Mr. Caldwell. It is much more a matter of atmosphere, for the people in "Fish on the Steeple" do give the impression of getting a good deal of crude pleasure out of life.

It is likely that the book will be praised for its earthiness and gusto. And this is, probably, nearer to the truth, at least to the superficial and objective truth, than are the more cruel writers. The book has its value as a corrective. On the other hand, it is apparent that its accuracy comes not because Mr. Bell is peculiarly devoted to truth, but because he is himself com-

(*Continued on page* 21)

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS week being just before Christmas, I should like to refer to a few books of poetry that, for the average person, might be good to give as Christmas gifts. None of these is the best book of the season, or anything like that. Very far from it. They are mostly mere verse, and chiefly for entertainment. And so, in spite of the high-held noses of the hypercritical they have their distinct place. First I may mention a Christmas anthology, "Come Christmas" (Coward-McCann. $2.50), edited by *Lesley Frost, Robert Frost's* daughter, and containing a hitherto unpublished poem by him, in facsimile of the manuscript. This little book *does* distinctly contain literature, ranging from old carols down through the years to Chesterton and Lindsay. Neither is this anthology confined altogether to prose, as witness extracts from *Thomas Hardy's* "Return of the Native," *Victor Hugo's* "Les Miserables," *George Eliot's* "Silas Marner," and so on. There are poems in old English, Latin, old French, even in Huron Indian! There are songs with the printed music. The book ends, after giving the Te Deum Laudamus and the earliest Christian Hymn (which was Clement of Alexandria's in the first century) with Chesterton's "The House of Christmas." This has one verse at least that is as good as anything he ever wrote:

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

For people who have pets there is entertainment in "The Cat in Verse," compiled by *Carolyn Wells* and *Louella D. Everett*, and "Sonnets from the Pekinese and other Doggerel," by *Burges Johnson*, with illustrations by the famous Edwina. The first of these books is published by Little, Brown ($2) and the second by Macmillan ($1.75). Mr. Johnson's rhymes are all original. The cat book is an anthology. And just as the superior are sniffing, I may remind them that *Shelley* wrote "Verses on a Cat," *Swinburne* wrote "To a Cat," Baudelaire wrote "My Cat," *Cowper* wrote "The Retired Cat," and we all remember *Thomas Gray's* "On the Death of a Favorite Cat." There's nothing to sniff about. Also I am delighted to find here *Josephine Preston Peabody's* "Concerning Love," one of the best couplets ever written in the natural language of a child:

I wish she would not ask me if I love the kitten more than her.
Of course I love her. But I love the kitten too: and it has fur.

The humor of this leads me to *Margaret Fishback's* new book, "I Take it Back." (Dutton. $2.) She also has a poem about a cat, among a lot of sprightly others. Without wishing to indulge in comparisons between ladies, I must nevertheless aver that *Phyllis McGinley* seems to me to be somewhat cleverer than *Margaret Fishback*. But both ladies are so good in the *New Yorker* style of verse that you will find the Fishback one makes an appreciated present to any of your cleverer women friends.

Although I don't believe much in anthologies of the best poems of the year, as good a one as any is *Thomas Moult's* "The Best Poems of 1935" (Harcourt, Brace. $2). *G. H. Vallins* has an excellent poem in it on Malchus. I have never seen anything before by this poet, but his poem first appeared in *John O'London's Weekly*. It is for such choices, where poems are apt to be lost in magazine files, that such anthologies are most valuable.

For the more intellectual I can recommend two books that contain poetry not new, but, in the one case, carefully selected, and in the other freshly translated. The first consists of selected passages from *Charles Doughty's* great work, "The Dawn in Britain," which, with his "Travels in Arabia Deserta," constitute his considerable contribution to English literature. The passages are arranged with an introduction by *Barker Fairley*, and the *Eric Kennington* portrait of Doughty is used as the frontispiece (Oxford University Press. $1.50). The cultivated reader of today should possess this book, at least, even if he never is able to read the remarkable long poem in six volumes, from which this is excerpted. From the same distinguished house we also have "The Elegies of Propertius," done into English verse by *E. H. W. Meyerstein*. This is a three dollar book. There are a brief preface and an equally brief life of Propertius introducing the volume. You can always trust the Oxford translations.

A most choice little volume as a gift would be *A. E. Coppard's* "Cherry Ripe," which comes boxed, is specially decorated by Valenti Angelo and a typographical delight, and has an interesting bibliographical note by *George Brandon Saul* appended. The book is published by Hawthorn House, Windham, Connecticut. Something new and different is *Toyohiko Kagawa's* "Songs from the Slums"—meaning the Shinkawa slums in Japan. The interpretations of the poems have been made by *Lois J. Erickson*, who has been for thirty years a missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church in Japan. The delicate and excellent illustrations to the book are by *Julian Brazelton*, and the Cokesbury Press of Nashville, Tennessee, publish the little volume at a dollar. There is a biographical sketch of Kagawa appended. This seems to me a genuine book.

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Sculptured Books—Finale No. 2

ALL unwittingly, this department imitated Frankenstein when it requested its readers to assist in the compilation of a census of statues equipped with books. It began to look for a time as if statues without books must be the exception. To a circulation that, one hopes, is panting to be on with something else, the Compleat Collector announces that this is positively the last allusion that will be made, here and by him, to the problem of biblieffigy.

It will be recalled that the book-and-statue discussion was opened some weeks ago with an account of the St. Gaudens Puritan, otherwise Deacon Samuel Chapin, in Springfield, Massachusetts. The Compleat Collector, with unwonted brashness, declared that the book which Deacon Chapin was carrying was a King James Bible. Reduced to type, this assertion began to look a little too assertive. Why should a dissenter who was willing to risk his life by crossing uncharted seas to an uncharted continent in order to escape a hateful mode of worship and all its appurtenances turn his back on himself, as it were, as soon as he got here and take to his heart the very constitution of established church? Arrived at this pass, the Compleat Collector was heartened to receive this letter from Mrs. George Pierce Baker of New Haven:

> Your discussion of the Chapin statue recalls to my mind a talk with Professor Charles M. Andrews of Yale a few days ago. The question had been brought to him "What Bible was used by the Puritans?" and he had been unable to answer. Of course, he has started to find out. I think his statement of the problem would interest you. He *thinks* it was the Geneva Bible, antedating the King James version, which latter, being church and aristocratic, would not please them. No Bible dates back, so far as he knows, in any collection, to the Pilgrims. I suggested that the sermons might contain quotations which would determine the translation, but he said, sadly, that congregations were so conversant with the Bible that the texts only were cited—as I Kings 2, 27—instead of the words!

Edith L. Little, head of the Circulation Department in the Springfield (Massachusetts) City Library, enters the effigy of P. T. Barnum in Bridgeport which exhibits him book in hand. "But it has no title," adds Miss Little, "and I can't even guess what it can be." The Compleat Collector suggests that it ought to be that sterling piece of Yankeeana, "Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself" (1855).

And in Tower Grove Park in St. Louis, writes Edwin Hutchings, Secretary of the Board of Commissioners of Tower Grove Park (who should know whereof he speaks), is a Shakespeare who is resting his left calf against three folios. (Query: Why not four?) The Tower Grove Shakespeare is a pleasantly international enterprise, the handiwork of a Munich sculptor, Ferdinand von Miller, and the gift of Henry Shaw, who was born in England.

Three correspondents submitted specimens in multiple. David McKibbin of Boston cites the following:

> The "reading Dante," obviously of Pietro Lombardi, in the Ravenna tomb, where Dante is both reading from a lectern and resting his hand upon an open book on a table.
>
> Jule Verne's monument in the parc at Amiens, showing an unbound French novel.

M. VERNE SURVEYS IMMORTALITY

> Francesco Carrara, in Lucca, with books under his chair. The same treatment is to be seen in the bronze statue of
>
> William Lloyd Garrison in Boston, where he sits in front of the Vendome on Commonwealth Avenue—the work of Olin Levi Warner.

Mr. McKibbin also notes that the device of the printing house of Case, Lockwood and Brainard of Hartford is "At the Sign of the Stone Book," and the book itself is proudly emblazoned along with the text.

From Paris—4 Rue Arsène Houssaye—Eugene Rosen writes:

> On the chance that your sphere of activity embraces not only the United States, I am sending you eight photographic proofs of statues in Paris in which books are included. I am forming a collection of my own photographs of statues of authors in Paris chiefly for my own pleasure, though I hope to make up a few sets for others.

The photographs which Mr. Rosen encloses are of statues of Dumas père, Shakespeare, Palissy, Franklin, Goldoni (a bust resting on two satisfyingly bookish-looking books—an ingenious and effective composition), Montaigne (whose right index finger is keeping his place while he muses over something he has just read), Rousseau (who is keeping his place with his *left* index finger), and Maupassant (the Parc Monceau bust, mentioned by two earlier correspondents).

But first prize (if such there were) for indefatigability and application should go to Ora Ioneene Smith, Readers' Adviser in the Birmingham Public Library. If Miss Smith dispenses advice with that degree of assiduity that marks her efforts on behalf of the Compleat Collector, then Birmingham is a highly literate and well-informed municipality. She calls particular attention to "a life-size statue of Miss Mary A. Cahalan, a former principal of one of the Birmingham elementary schools, in Woodrow Wilson Park, facing the entrance to the Children's Department of the Public Library. After Miss Cahalan's death in 1906, the people of the city, aided by the school children, raised a fund for a memorial in her honor. It is the work of Giuseppe Moretti, an Italian sculptor then living in Alabama who died in Italy last January. The statue is notable as being one of the few portrait statues to women in the United States."

But Miss Smith goes much further afield than the park over the way. Here is her full list of book-bearing statues, codified by sculptors:

> Bryant Baker, whose work seems to run to books. Besides the Pioneer Woman (previously cited) the following may be mentioned: Millard Fillmore, Buffalo; Reuben Eaton Fenton, governor of New York and United States senator, Jamestown, New York; Former Chief Justice Edward D. White, New Orleans.
>
> Augustus Lukeman: Equestrian statue of Bishop Francis Asbury (previously cited); Confederate Grandmother (in central group of monument to women of the Confederacy), Raleigh, North Carolina.
>
> Sidney N. Bedore: Spirit of the Northwest, Green Bay, Wisconsin.
>
> Lee Lowrie: Drafting the Constitution (one of series of historical panels for Nebraska State Capitol), Lincoln, Nebraska.
>
> John Quincy Adams Ward: William Earl Dodge, Herald Square, New York.
>
> Sir John Steell: Sir Walter Scott, Central Park, New York (previously cited).
>
> Ettore Ximenes: Dante, Broadway and 63d Street, New York.

Miss Smith reports the following impressive list of eligibles as recorded in Edward Gleichen's "London's Open-Air Statuary" (1928)—name of sculptor and location are here omitted, but all are in urban London: Isaac Watts, William Tyndale, Robert Raikes, Cardinal Newman, Prince Albert, Samuel Johnson, Quintin Hogg, W. E. Forster, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Oliver Cromwell, Charles George (Chinese) Gordon, John Colet.

Well, the front yard is now much too full, and the Compleat Collector must regretfully cry quits. Including a weathervane in the similitude of an open Bible atop a church steeple in Cranston, Rhode Island, as reported by Ray Feole of Providence, the books-in-stone-and-bronze collection now totals, in this definitive accounting, some fifty-six pieces.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER. By Sigrid Undset. *Knopf.*

A WRITER'S NOTES ON HIS TRADE. By C. E. Montague. *Doubleday, Doran.*

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON. By Claude G. Bowers. *Houghton Mifflin.*

Housman and Robinson

D. G. of Butte, Montana, *asks for books which interpret the poems of A. E. Housman and Edwin Arlington Robinson and "a book on interpretation of poems in general, especially the New Poetry." Also, she wishes the title of a volume of essays on Housman's poetry, which she thinks was advertised in* The Saturday Review.

ANYONE who wants to read a work on the New Poetry, or indeed on poetry in general, can do no better than to get John Livingston Lowes's CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY (Houghton Mifflin), one of the most stimulating discussions to have made its appearance in recent years. Mr. Lowes has charm, erudition, and enthusiasm and writes with a grace that makes every page a delight. His analysis of the aims and method of modern poetry, like his explanations as to its older forms, is made with a penetration, understanding, and insight which to the most untutored must reveal the significance and import of the work he discusses. His book is filled with allusion and quotation, introduced not as embellishment to the text but as illumination of it, and is one which should be on the shelf of every lover of poetry.

As for Housman, there is not to my knowledge any book specifically devoted to him, but several writers have accorded him chapters or parts of chapters in their works. The pages (115-124) given over to him in A. St. John Adcock's THE GLORY THAT WAS GRUB STREET (London: Low, formerly published in this country by Stokes) have a certain interest as gossipy characterization of the man but are in no way a critical appraisal. On the other hand, C. W. S. Williams's study of him in POETRY AT PRESENT (Oxford University Press) is a revealing interpretation fitted into what is a suggestive commentary on the development of modern verse.

J. B. Priestley offers appreciative and engagingly written criticism in FIGURES IN MODERN LITERATURE (London: Lane, formerly issued by Dodd, Mead in America) and Rica Brenner in TEN MODERN POETS (Harcourt, Brace) presents both appraisal and biography. This last book, whose poets are chosen because of a "liberalized intellectual attitude," includes Edwin Arlington Robinson in its list. One of the earliest, and still one of the most illuminating, studies of the late Mr. Robinson is to be found in the work of a poet who was making literary history with him during the war years, Amy Lowell, part of whose critical interpretation in TENDENCIES IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY (Houghton Mifflin) is devoted to him. For a many-faceted study of Robinson I refer D. G. to Lucius M. Beebe's ASPECTS OF THE POETRY OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (Dunster House).

D. G. is in error, I believe, in thinking that she saw the advertisement of a book of essays on Housman's poetry in *The Saturday Review*. What she has reference to is, I imagine, the little book by Housman himself entitled THE NAME AND NATURE OF POETRY, issued by Macmillan and reviewed at length in our issue of July 1, 1933.

The Pulitzer Prize for Fiction

Mrs. H. C. of Prosser, Wash., *who reports that her Reading Club has been concentrating on novels of social import which have won the Pulitzer Prize, wants to know on what grounds that award is made for fiction.*

The wording of the provision specifying the terms on which the Prize is given is now: "For the best novel published during the year by an American author." Formerly the terms read: "For the American novel published during the year, preferably one which shall best present the whole atmosphere of American life."

The Bloomsbury Group

O. D. H. of Owosso, Mich., *wishes help in finding material on the so-called "Bloomsbury Group" of London.*

She will find material on the writers who constitute this clique, which includes such persons as Virginia Woolf, the Sitwells, and the late Lytton Strachey, in Edwin Muir's TRANSITION: ESSAYS ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE (Viking) and C. W. S. Williams's POETRY AT PRESENT (Oxford University Press).

Biography as Art

A. M. of Kalamazoo, Mich., *doesn't know whether he really read in* The Saturday Review, *or merely dreamed, that a book has appeared within recent years on biography as an art form.*

It was no dream but actuality, for these pages have reviewed at least two interesting works of the sort,—Harold Nicolson's DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY (Harcourt, Brace) and André Maurois's ASPECTS OF BIOGRAPHY (Appleton-Century). M. Maurois's volume specifically attacks its subject as a work of art, as a science, and as a means of expression. There is another older work which ought to prove useful to A. M.,—Wilbur L. Cross's little book entitled AN OUTLINE OF BIOGRAPHY FROM PLUTARCH TO STRACHEY (Holt: 25 cents) which contains a bibliography carried up to 1924.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 19*)

paratively unmoved by his material. One feels that Mr. Faulkner, looking at this very town, would have peopled it with madmen because he would feel that it was a mad world that could allow such an island of savagery; Mr. Caldwell would have exaggerated its people into brutes because he would feel that their society was essentially brutal. If Mr. Bell does not, it is because he, like his characters, feels that the brickyard for work days, the graveyard for nights of pleasure, and the baptizing-ground for days of festival, are really good enough. And there, one cannot agree with him. If he is nearer the objective truth, he is certainly farther from the emotional and essential truth than the harsher writers. *Saeva indignatio* should not be the last word about the Tennessee back country; the region still waits some one who will treat it with the comprehension that comes of compassion. But for such a town as this, *saeva indignatio* should at least be the first word that presents itself, and that first word Mr. Bell has failed to say.

B. D.

History

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL SCENE: AS DEPICTED BY STANLEY ARTHURS AND INTERPRETED BY FIFTY AUTHORS. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1935. $20.

This sumptuous book was reviewed some weeks ago by Professor Gabriel of Yale who pointed out the extreme effectiveness of the dramatic story-picture as a means of recreating and interpreting history. Professor Gabriel, however, as one of the fifty contributors to the volume, modestly said nothing of the text of this book, which deserves comment. The editors in effect have gone back to the method of the gift-book annuals of the first half of the nineteenth century, with this important difference, that the historical pictures which here, of course, are all by one painter, are described and interpreted by writers who have something to say and know what they are talking about. Hence, in place of the triviality of the little essays that accompany the pictures in the annuals, one finds brief but often excellent commentaries, each upon an episode of American history which the accompanying picture illustrates. These historical essays are of uneven merit, some, though well informed, are rather amateurish, but most have real historic value and the literary merit of supplementing the suggestive powers of the pictures. We call particular attention to Christian Brinton's "Early Cossack Voyages," to Christopher Ward's "Settlement of the Dutch," to Horace Mather Lippincott's "The Philadelphia Waterfront, 1702," to Kenneth Roberts's "Morgan's March Through Maine," to Thomas Francis Cadwalader's "Long Christmas Sermon," to William McFee's "The Clermont," to Mary Johnston's "Undiscovered Diary of Jefferson at Monticello," and to James Truslow Adams's "Transportation, 1830." The result of it all is that while the book is ostensibly a collection of pictures with no relevance one to the other ex-

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cept that they all illustrate the American scene, actually the effect of the combined text and picture is of a vivid, and quite comprehensive, impression of American history. Hence "The American Historical Scene" should be useful for libraries, and particularly valuable for schools.

H. S. C.

International

EUROPE'S CRISIS. By André Siegfried. Wiley. 1935. $1.50.

In this slim but engagingly written volume André Siegfried considers Europe's changing position with respect to the rest of the world. Formerly universal provider of capital, manufactured goods, and services, Europe today is no longer the economic centre of gravity. Changes, already apparent before the war, were thereby accelerated, and now Europe is forced to acknowledge she no longer exercises her earlier predominant influence. With his usual skill the author briefly discusses the character of these changes and their implications for the future.

C. T.

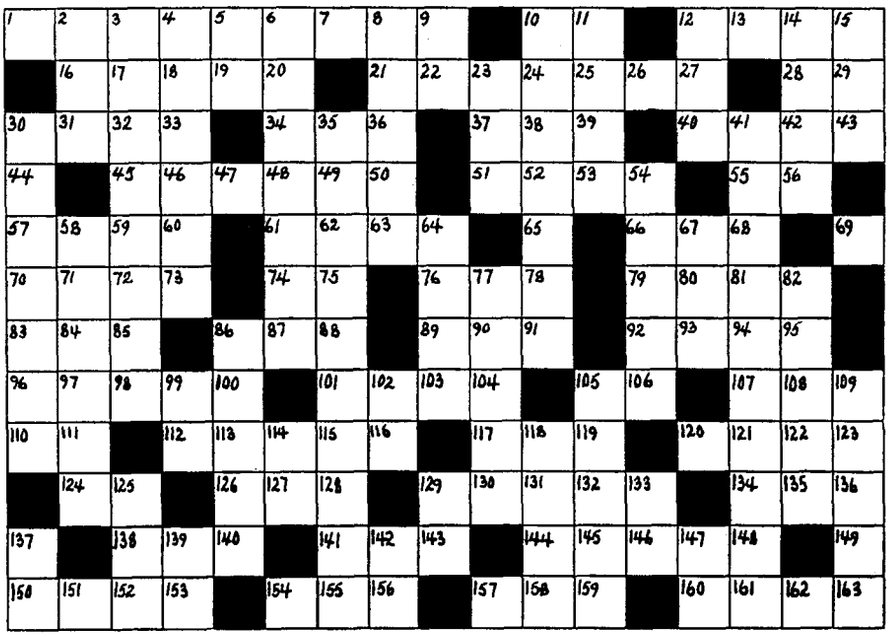
Brief Mention

We regret that we have not been able to review in the space it deserves the very interesting two volumes issued by the Tea and Coffee Trade Journal Company of 79 Wall Street, New York, called *All About Tea*, by William H. Ukers ($5). The reader may be assured that he will find the complete history here in every aspect including technical, commercial, and social. Librarians should note the publication of this book which follows an earlier work of the same kind on Coffee.

The second volume of Jacob Zeitlin's excellent translation of *The Essays of Michel de Montaigne* has just appeared. The first volume was reviewed at length in *The Saturday Review* (Knopf, $5). * * * Students of Shakespeare should note J. Dover Wilson's *What Happens in Hamlet* (Macmillan, $3.50). Professor Wilson is one of the most assiduous as well as one of the most erudite annotators of Shakespeare. Another Shakespeare book is *Shakespeare and the Audience* by Arthur Colby Sprague (Harvard Press, $2.50). * * * A book important for reference is *Historic Opinions of the United States Supreme Court*, by Ambrose Doskow (Vanguard Press, $4.50). With this book should be noted the technical and highly important publication by Edwin Borchard of Yale, *Declaratory Judgments* (Cleveland: Banks-Baldwin Law Publishing Co.). This reprinting of important judgments is an attempt to prevent legal procedure from becoming rigid, stereotyped, and over-technical. The book covers, among other things, contracts, judicial relief for peril and insecurity, wills, titles to property, and administrative powers and disabilities. * * * Daniel Trowbridge Mallett's *An Index of Artists: International, Biographical* (R. R. Bowker Company, New York, $12) is a check list of the names of painters, sculptors, illustrators, engravers, and etchers, etc., of the past and present. * * * Among biographies we may mention Laura E. Richards's life of her famous father, *Samuel Gridley Howe* (Appleton-Century, $2.50).

Double-Crostics: No. 91

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. A sycophant.

II. Style of furniture.

III. One of the Avenging Spirits (Gr.).

IV. Chuckled.

V. Holy cloth covering the Kaaba.

VI. Heroine of Greek tragedy.

VII. A puzzling question.

VIII. Birthplace of Herod the Great.

IX. Further.

X. Novel by Du Maurier.

XI. Infernal.

XII. Novel by Robert Briffault.

XIII. Raging, wild.

XIV. Darling (Irish).

XV. European dictator.

XVI. Dancing.

XVII. Composer of opera "Russlan and Ludmilla."

XVIII. Small pointed instruments.

XIX. English poet (1862—).

XX. A barker.

XXI. To play or trifle with.

XXII. Reproaches abusingly.

XXIII. Heroine of one of the "Idylls of the King."

XXIV. Formerly (poetic).

WORDS

86 124 134 76 139 67 118 85 156 161

12 102 99 125 103 56 146 155 109 47 54

65 158 140 1 154 117

51 2 145 149 75 49 106 143

72 62 11 16 37

119 45 88 35 6 14 97

141 34 89 66 32 142

74 133 127 63 163 147 150 38

36 27 48

95 3 42 83 105 116

22 60 132 33 94 5 29

78 70 115 157 98 93

7 131 159 153 31 18 91

80 40 151 9 87 44 52

96 4 81 43 84 71

130 108 57 77 114 24 138 121 129 73

79 104 10 68 111 58

8 21 61 28

110 13 101 144 90 137 160

100 112 26 120 162 53

25 55 135 19 107 122 82

30 123 113 17 69 50 148

128 152 46 39

15 59 20 126 92 41 23 136 64

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BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

RARE FIRSTS for small income speculation. Catalogue explanation. Fred R. Jones, Oceanside, Long Island.

NATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA, 10 vols., edited by Dr. Henry Suzzallo. This is the new 1935 edition, in mint condition. Sold by the publisher's at $69.00. Sale price $25.00. Cambridge Book Company, 277 Broadway, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

NEW CATALOGUES. No. 4, Modern First Editions; and No. 5, Autographs and Press Books. TECOLOTE BOOK SHOP De La Guerra Studios, Santa Barbara, Calif.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, by Alfred P. Lee. Just published, $4.00. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN, Garden City, N. Y.

SEND FOR CATALOG 68 OF AMERICANA, First editions, Rare and Standard books. Rosengren's, Milam Building, San Antonio, Texas.

FOREIGN

"L'ILLUSTRATION," Christmas number, foremost French weekly, profusely illustrated, nearly 100 colorprints, all suitable for framing, DeLUXE EDITION, $2.25 delivered. FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop." Mail order catalogue 20c (stamps). "Over 500,000 French books in stock."

SOVIET BOOKS for children of pre-school age; consist almost entirely of colored illustrations. 15c-75c. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

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ANY BOOK—Rare, out-of-print, used, publishers' copies; all are available at low prices in our stock of 1,000,000 books. Ask for special lists, Fiction, Americana, Political Science, Spiritualism. Others to follow. New General Catalog available soon. Are you on our mailing list? Come and inspect our tremendous stock. Try our complete book shopping service. BARNES & NOBLE, INC., Founded 1874, 105 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. An old-time hostelry, and unspoiled countryside —In the metropolitan area. Illustrated booklet on request. Norwalk, Telephone 2300, Connecticut.

ORIGINAL LEAVES from the Psalter of the Pilgrim Fathers 1594. Attractive four-page folder suitable for Christmas Cards and for the collector. $1.50 each. Philip Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SHIPS pass in the night and signal, But men and women pass and are afraid." Why? Make a New Year's Resolution, Mr. Man. Box 929-A.

WANDERING PHILOSOPHER, tell me—would you wander far to find a woman like that? Box 930-A.

SUPERLATIVE SECRETARY seeks situation substituting satisfactory services substantial stipend. Box 931-A.

WHERE is the New York intelligentsia I've read so much about hiding? Strangeress, 22, would like to know. Box 932-A.

STRANGE WORLD, though wonderfully interesting, often hides worthwhile, alive men between ages 37-44 from worthwhile women. Box 933-A.

UNCHAOTIC literary family of four wants apartment at bargain rental for January and February, or will exchange charming house on lake, Westport, Conn., for apartment. House has 3 bedrooms, duplex living-room, painter's studio, study, oil burner, all conveniences. Station and village easily accessible. Box 934-A.

DESIGNER (46) would like to meet girl interested in Handicraft—metal or pottery—as a hobby. Manhattan. Box 935-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, attractive, 22, university grad, literary experience, desperately needs employment; literary ass't, tutor, any odd place. Imaginative, sense of humor, sincere, responsive. Box 936-A.

SOUTHERN LADY wishes two lonely men for Christmas dinner, middle-aged; preferably writer, musician. Box 937-A.

PETITE LADY of middle-thirties, incurably shy, but possessing gregarious instincts and a sense of humor, would welcome the stimulating experience of corresponding with a gentleman, not thoroughly a realist, who likewise desires the adventure of exchanging ideas on reading, travel, and odd bits in a good-humored but not flippant manner. Box 938-A.

PERSONALS

LADY—traveller—would like correspondence with literary man. Box 939-A.

WANTED: Always interested in A. L. S. and presentation copies of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Howard Schmitt, 236 Scott St., Buffalo, New York.

EXPERT, working, New York newspaperman (never unemployed), author, will tutor privately any person desiring metropolitan or "small-town" newspaper knowledge. Edit or revise any type of manuscript and suggest on placement. NOT a literary agent. Terms $5 hourly. Box 940-A.

A LONESOME, bedridden girl wants to know you. Please write. Box 941-A.

LADY of tact, intelligence, kindness, middle-aged, desires post as working companion. Box 942-A.

UNIVERSITY MAN, young, experienced, secretarial-stenographic work, desires position with publishing house; consider any proposition, however. Box 943-A.

I WRITE LETTERS to "shut-ins." Stamped envelope brings particulars. Box 944-A.

WHAT OFFER for magazine *All the Year Round,* Vol. I, No. 2, first five parts, *Tale of Two Cities.* Box 945-A.

And I'm "TERRIBLY ANXIOUS," womanishly so, to see and hear the first one! NOT HIS'N.

IN "MUTINY on the BOUNTY," Captain Bligh shouts, "A Midshipman is the lowest form of animal life." One smiles. Evidently the Captain had never sat under a prof of Eng. lit. who taught that the Works of "William Shakespeare" were written by a Stratford man named "Shaxper," or "Shakspe"; the spelling is immaterial. George Frisbee.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION—Subscription to SHARDS the Poetry Quarterly; Box 2007, Augusta, Georgia. $1 a year; .35 a copy. Current issue contains "The Whole Duty of a Young Poet" by Haniel Long, author of Pittsburgh Memoranda.

ENGLISHMEN IN AMERICA. Fryer's luxurious Tobaccos. Now obtainable in the United States. If your tobacconist cannot supply you, please write Samuel P. Fass Company, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

NEWS FROM RICHMOND. A Rebel War Clerk's Diary by J. B. Jones. The Christmas gift best suited for the reading addict who fought in the war between the states last year with General Freeman of Lee fame. Two volumes. 894 pages. Handsomely fortified with a gift box. A stirring day to day account of '61 to '65. Authentic, readable, source material. Indexed, Edited with notes by Howard Swiggett. $5.00. BARNES & NOBLE, INC., 105 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ELONGATED Manhattanite, 30, seeks that rare feminine companion who combines tallness and beauty. Applicants under six feet must at least promise not to make him crawl into any tea shoppes, and give him the aisle seat. Slats.

WHO'S WHO author wants ghost-writing or other literary work. Blanquo, 361 W. 26th, N. Y. C.

PIERRE I—See Nov. 16 to date. Important.

COLLABORATOR wanted, young man, fertile mind, have several novel plots with dramatic situations. Seek person with ability to write saleable fiction fifty fifty basis. Box 946-A.

NEW YORKER. Professional letter writer and stenographer would exchange services for apartment accommodation. Box 947-A.

LIBRARIAN, college background of political science or economics, experienced in research, good mixer, desiring position small pay but exceptional opportunity, communicate Box 948-A.

PROFESSIONAL man, around sixty, with some leisure time, would welcome acquaintance of man or men similarly situated. Museums, trips, poking around. Box 949-A.

PHILADELPHIAN, 27, rather contemporary, would be delighted with letters from cultured man. Box 950-A.

HOUSEKEEPER, middle-aged, refined, highly competent, would like position, preferably New York City. Box 951-A.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN in thirties of diversified interests wishes to broaden her acquaintance. Box 952-A.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

(From our spirited correspondent Mr. W. S. Hall (of Snyder & Hall) we have the following report on some details of his recent trip to the Far East, selling the books of American publishers. P. E. G. Q.)

Overland Limited, November 23, 1935

DEAR Quercus: The Hall Report for Fall 1935, Far Eastern District, is long overdue. I had a practically perfect trip back in the *Asama Maru* than which I know no better ship. Many of the passengers are on this train, including Mr. George E. Plimpton (Pres. Ginn & Co.). I've just been chatting with him in the Club Car where he showed me the first copy he'd seen of his book *The Education of Chaucer* just published by *Oxford*. The book is full of illustrations of old mss. and school books all from his own collection, and is the same size and format as his *Education of Shakespeare*.

My opinion of the Japanese is no longer of any value, if it ever was. For I'm head over heels in love with them and their country, their trains and *their ships*. Anne Lindbergh says more in *North to the Orient* in two chapters than most commentators in weighty volumes. And she says it much better. I'm delighted to see the book heads the non-fiction list (I'm delighted, too, to have sold the Japanese translation rights.) There is more unconscious "good-will" in her story than in a thousand missions, composed of Senators, Governors and what not.

On the way out I read plenty. *Honey in the Horn, The Wind Blew West, Paths of Glory, Deep Dark River, The San Luca, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Catherine* (of Russia, by Gina Kaus), *North to the Orient*. To keep my balance I read Henry V in the new Temple series and *Pepys' Diary*, abridged in Modern Library edition. And I wish all books were the same size as those two, that is books without pictures. Question: do biographies *have* to be the size they're making them? I felt positively self-conscious lugging *Catherine* about on the *Asia*.

Happy Thoughts

Memory of the delightfully complete library on the *Asama Maru*, with many of this season's books of which I'd seen only the wrappers. *North to the Orient*, which I won't mention again, was already shabby from reading. So was *Haunted Bookshop* and *Where the Blue Begins*.

Barber shop in Manila. Four chairs, occupied by four barbers, all asleep.

Also in Manila, American sailors with Civil War period beards. In the Philippine Education Co. I saw one chap, not yet 21, with a perfect Ernest Boyd. He was buying a book, otherwise I would have asked him who started all this whiskers business.

My pilgrimage to Nikko where everyone both Japanese and foreign has been going for centuries. Tourists with only two days in Japan manage somehow to spend one of them there (it's three hours from Tokyo) and I missed it last year and I was six weeks in Tokyo this trip before I determined to get away from it all and go. Apparently nobody before ever went alone, for I was asked by the ticket agent, "How many in your party?" ("I'm the party"), at the Kanaya Hotel they queried—"all alone?" and when I rang for a whisky soda two arrived. And there were two of everything in the room including two toothbrushes.

Vincent Starrett looking over my dummies in Tokyo, walking off with *Thunder Over the Bronx* because of the Dorothy Parker introduction and explaining to me that dummies are the really real first issues.

The Shu-ei-sha Printing Plant in Tokyo where I saw a Monotype machine, made in Japan, with 3600 characters.

No so happy a memory is the phonograph in room next mine at the Imperial. It was occupied by an official of the Italian Embassy who seemed always to be there day and night and always playing one tune—*The Isle of Capri*. Possibly to keep from worrying about other matters.

My pleasure in reading *My Country and My People* by Lin Yutang and my idea that the author must be a sedate, venerable Chinese. My astonishment, on meeting him, to find he was years younger than I who am not yet, I hope, venerable.

My dummy copy of Grace Adams's *Don't Be Afraid* (with title in 2-inch block letters) which I kept prominently displayed in sample room and called particular attention to when buyers showed evidence of oncoming timidity.

First number of *The Wireless Jiji Press* to be stuck under my door on the *Asama* and the two startling headlines on page one—*Seven Autumn Herbs, Popular With Poets, Really Grow in Soil* and *Ignorama of Law Makes No Excuse Photographing, Sketching, etc.* But at tiffin (sorry, luncheon) the real news radio appeared with note at foot about safe deposit facilities "100% safety safe will be available without a single cost." W. S. H.

"Take your Pigg and hold the head down a Payle of cold Watter untill strangeled, then hang him up buy the heals . . ."

Thus, in 1719, wrote Thomas Newington, butler to an unknown lady of title, in a neat manuscript volume which he presented to his mistress with a charming dedication. He goes on to "How to Make a Sullibub," "A Surrup for the Preservation of long life," "A Remedy for the Plague," and many others.

A selection has now been edited by Philip James, an introduction written by Ambrose Heath, and wood-engravings done by Reynolds Stone. It has been printed by the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY at $1. A telephone call to your bookseller will solve the problem of that last-minute Christmas present.

A BUTLER'S RECIPE BOOK

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